

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

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- **Mother to Our Whole Army—*Frank M. Simison***
- **Sunday Evening with Grandmother—*Mary H. Lincoln***

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The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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What Have You Got to Show?

One evening my husband was deriding his small niece for being a "show-off." "If you really have something worth while to show," he told me, "then you shouldn't hide it. But too many people have only themselves to show."

Unfortunately, small children aren't the only ones who fall into this VIP category. Everyone is familiar with the handsome Adonis sort of individual who thinks he is God's gift to the feminine gender. Such a person has only himself to show—and is it *really* worth seeing and admiring? Many good-looking women think that all they need to show is their pulchritude. Is it really worth seeing? People who flaunt themselves for others to see are no better than children who clamor "watch me!"

Do you have something worth showing?

What's Here? If you sometimes think that the task of raising a family is too strenuous and nerve racking, you should read "Mother to Our Whole Army," by Frank M. Simison. Raising a family of her own wasn't enough for Mrs. Thelma Stier; so she decided to "adopt" another family—the boys in a nearby Army Hospital. This is a heart-warming story, which will make you feel that there are still some beneficent people left in this cold, cruel world.

So you think that your child's church school teacher has an easy time of it, since she has to teach for only approximately an hour every Sunday. If you are guilty of such thoughts, you have been living in a rose-colored nimbus. Read "Your Child and His Church School Teacher," by Vera Channels, and get the facts, ma'am.

You give your children a respectable home, nourishing food, nice clothes, and a good education, and you think that they will become decent, law-abiding citizens. Perhaps, however, you are instead creating delinquents because you neglect the most important thing—*love*. "Is Your Home Creating Delinquents?" is a thought-provoking article. You should read it.

In a lighter artery we have "Make Something out of Nothing." That should appeal to all of you who have a minimum of shekels (and who doesn't?). Those worthless items that you always throw out can be transformed into useful articles with a little *savoir faire*.

"Are You a Bookworm?" is a quiz primarily for teen-agers, but you older folks could take it to see how much of your literary education you have retained.

What's Coming? Look for "Building Readiness for Summer Camp"; "Even a Child Needs God"; "Dads Are Important Too."

So long, S. W.

THE WORLD

● French Church-State Separation Hailed

Paris—Pastor Marc Boegner said here there has been a marked spiritual revival in the Protestant churches of France as a result of the separation of church and state. His remark was made in a lecture on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the law which established separation.

Dr. Boegner said any advantages lost from termination of the concordat were largely outweighed by the increased vitality resulting from the independence, both in Protestant and Roman Catholic circles.

He pointed out as evidence the "extraordinary movement for a return to the Bible" and the Catholic worker-priest movement. He saw deep significance in the active participation of laymen in the life of their churches. Christians were seeing the connection between the liturgy and social service and forging a new conception of community life.

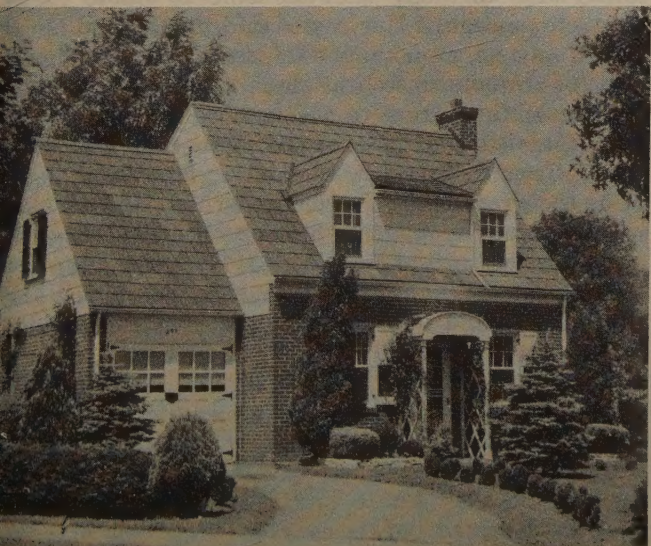
● Negro Minister Honored

Tulsa, Oklahoma—A thirty-three-year-old Negro minister who played a major role in reducing Philadelphia's juvenile delinquency rate was named here by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of the ten Outstanding Young Men of 1955.

He is the Rev. Leon H. Sullivan, pastor of Zion Baptist Church in Philadelphia. He organized the Citizens' Committee Against Juvenile Delinquency which rallied the support of news media, courts, law enforcement agencies, school officials, civic groups, and church councils.

Within a year the committee enrolled 20,000 persons in block organizations and formed a score of local community leagues. Last year, following an address by Mr. Sullivan, the National Conference on Youth Work organized a national citizens committee patterned on the Philadelphia project.

H. Armstrong Roberts



H. Armstrong Roberts

Mr. Sullivan was assistant pastor of Abyssinian Baptist Church, New York City, when he was only twenty years old. During a five-year pastorate at Zion Baptist Church the membership has risen from 600 to 1,500. Its activities include a clinic for alcohol and narcotic control, free psychiatric and counseling services, a day-care center, and "help-self" groups for persons over sixty-five. For youth there are twelve basketball teams, fifteen fellowship groups, four singing groups, several Boy and Girl Scout units, and a drum and bugle corps.

Mr. Sullivan and the other nine young men were chosen out of more than ten thousand candidates for having "used their talents to the limit for their community and nation."

● World Need and "World Revolution"

New York—The impact of the "world revolution" falls heaviest on the areas in which change is longest and most conspicuously overdue, said Eugene Barnett, former general secretary of the National Council of the YMCA.

Mr. Barnett, who had just returned from a fifteen months' visit around the world, said it would be a mistake to conclude that the turbulence rocking Asia and the Middle East sprang from the ideological conflict and power struggle of the day.

"The peoples of those lands are in revolt against poverty and hunger, disease and neglect, incompetence and oppression," he said, "In each country there are those who have caught a glimpse of better things and have concluded that their present plight is not only insufferable but unnecessary."

He suggested that world Christianity is far more responsible than world communism for the revolt against the status quo but that communism was exploiting it for communistic purposes.

AT YOUR FRONT DOOR

Sunday

with



photo by erb

We all looked forward to Sunday evening,
when Grandmother told us Bible stories.

WHEN church school teachers bemoan the fact that their children are profoundly ignorant about the Bible and question whether any religious training is given in the homes, I find myself going back in grateful memory to my own childhood when my Scotch grandmother always set aside Sunday night as a time for Bible study with the children.

Grandmother did not sit with an open Bible in her lap. She had no need for the *Book*, for her mind was well-stored with Bible stories and Bible passages. To understand her love for and knowledge of the Scriptures, one must know something of her own childhood.

She began her life in the hill country of northern Scotland where one could feast his eyes on the rugged mountains in the distance or the heather-covered hills near by. Her parents lived on a small farm, or *croft* as it was known. A croftsman of those days seldom was able to provide more than the bare necessities for his family, for large families were the rule. Grandmother's family was no exception. Each child learned early to do his share of the work.

Grandmother had little formal education. That was luxury few could afford; but her mother was a devout woman who believed daily reading of the Bible to be one of life's most important activities. Somehow, she taught her children to read with appreciation and understanding so that it became an enjoyable experience, never a tiresome task.

Because she was the oldest child in the family, Grandmother's chief task from her earliest childhood was that of herding the sheep. Fences had not been thought of! The croftsman and his family depended on the sheep for clothing and food; so they must be

carefully watched and guarded. From early morning until late afternoon the young shepherd stayed with the flock, as they grazed on the steep hillsides. Grandmother was a lover of nature, and there must have been times when she just sat and viewed the miracles of earth and sky. She was also a skillful knitter who could knit and read at the same time. Many socks were needed for members of the family, but sometimes there were some to be taken to the market. For these Grandmother recalled that she received only nine cents a pair.

That the Bible was Grandmother's real companion was proved by the fact that she had memorized many complete chapters. Not a single Bible story was unfamiliar to her! Even after she had passed her ninety-fifth birthday she was able to quote many complete passages. Her pastor said that he had never known anyone, even the most learned Bible students, who could quote so well as she.

Grandmother grew to womanhood in her native land, married, and became the mother of nine children. That was the era when America was thought of as the great land of promise, in Scotland as elsewhere. Many young people left Scotland to seek their fortunes in the New World. Grandmother saw four of her children start to America before she and Grandfather and the three youngest children decided to leave Scotland.

Many hardships awaited the family. Within three months after their arrival in America, death took my grandfather, one of the daughters, and her infant child. Grandmother must have longed many times for the familiar sights and sounds of her native Scotland; but she had the courage of the true pioneer,

Evening

Grandmother

and she set about making her way in spite of sorrows and hardships. Her faith sustained her, and her Bible was her daily companion.

When my parents were married, Grandmother shared their home. She found many ways to be helpful in the home, for she was never happy unless she had some task to do. When she was no longer able to do the heavier tasks, she kept her hands busy with needlework. Her religion was always the central theme of her life. She practiced it seven days a week! Her convictions were as firmly rooted as were the rocky mountains of her native Scotland!

Although many people believe that Sunday is a long, uninteresting day for children, I do not remember that we ever found it so. We were up early, for the entire family went to church and church school. Dinner was never an elaborate meal. When it was over, we were free to spend the afternoon in a leisurely fashion. Then the evening meal was eaten hurriedly as we looked forward to the outstanding event of the day—the hour when Grandmother told us Bible stories and helped us commit to memory many of her favorite passages.

Many years have passed, but I remember as well as though it were yesterday my Scotch grandmother in her black cap, seated in her big rocking chair, with my brothers and sisters around her in a circle, and I—youngest of the five—seated on a footstool at her feet. From her rich store of memories it was easy for her to recall many Bible verses short enough for even a small child to learn.

by Mary H. Lincoln

To stimulate our interest Grandmother made a sort of game of it as we repeated the Bible verses in alphabetical order around the circle. These memory verses became so familiar that it is no effort even now to recall one or more for each of the letters.

“ABHOR that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

“BEHOLD I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me.

“COME unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.

“DOTH not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice?

“EYE hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive the wonderful things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.

“FOR God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him shall not perish but have eternal life.

“GO Ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

“HOLD fast that which thou hast; let no man take thy crown.

“I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman; every branch that beareth not fruit He purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit.

“JUDGE not that ye be not judged for with what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.

“KEEP the door of my lips that I may not sin against Thee.

“LET your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

“MANY are called but few are chosen.

(Continued on page 28)



Mother

One of Mrs. Stierer's birthday parties for sick and wounded GI's at Camp Atterbury Hospital. Mrs. Stierer gives these parties monthly and provides gifts and refreshments with her own money.

Raising a family of her own wasn't enough of a task for Mrs. Thelma Stierer; so she decided to "adopt" the boys in the Army.

By Frank M. Simison

Days come to every dad and every mother when the fret and toil of rearing Johnny and Mary to adulthood seems more than they can bear; but for Mrs. Thelma Stierer, pretty little brown-haired and blue-eyed woman of Connersville, Indiana, that hasn't been nearly enough. She guided her two sons and a daughter to successful maturity; but meanwhile she has practically adopted thousands of lonesome GI's, particularly and of late the sick and wounded veterans of Wakeman Hospital, Camp Atterbury, Indiana. She gives them monthly birthday parties which are among the brightest spots of their service lives.

The idea for the parties came when, fresh from a six months' hospital interlude of her own, some

of the Connersville War Mothers' group invited her to go with them to a shindig they were giving for Wakeman Hospital's convalescents. She went and helped serve.

"So many boys asked for a piece of cake to take to a bedfast buddy in some ward," she explains. "It made me feel so bad to think that the other boys, in other wards, weren't getting any of the refreshments. So, when I finished serving, I asked a Red Cross worker if I could bring a big birthday cake once a month to serve in the wards, taking a different ward each month."

The Red Cross worker, needless to say, said yes. She knew what a godsend Mrs. Stierer's parties would be to the lonely, hospitalized GI's. A date was set, and Mrs.

Stierer went home to get ready.

"I was walking on air," Mrs. Stierer says. "I had always wanted to do something like that, and now I could."

Wakeman has thirty-four wards, with 1,400 to 1,700 patients in them. It wasn't quite the same as throwing a birthday party for a dozen small fry. From most people the acceptance of such a rash proposal would have elicited a squeak of dismay, and a frantic scramble to find some sponsoring organization which would shoulder the expense and much of the effort.

But help seems to be something which Mrs. Stierer has never thought of, in this business of mothering all the GI's she can reach. If she had thought of it,

probably she would have declined it anyway. This birthday party program, like all of her good cheer efforts which had preceded it, was something she wanted to do personally and for which she was admirably equipped.

You see, for years she has had a very successful business in making cakes, cookies, and candies, specializing in big decorated creations several stories high for large weddings and other functions. Cakes are her main line, but she can also make fancy sandwiches.

In time of peace the profits from

her pastry and confections go into the family treasury and provide a better living for the Stierers; but a call to the colors is a call for Mrs. Stierer, too. She mobilizes right along with the boys, and the profits of her work go into this motherly, patriotic charity which has earned her the title of "Mother to Our Whole Army."

Back in World War I she was excused from high school classes for nursing work. When World War II came along, she had grown up, was happily married and mother of two sons—both of them

Navy vets—and a daughter, with her pastry business in full swing. She promptly turned the pastry business into a war emergency enterprise using its profits to cheer near and faraway GI's. Hundreds of her gift boxes, over 2000 pounds of her famous fruit cake, and countless letters she wrote reached every battle front. Between times she entertained many soldiers in her home, among them members of the ill-fated 706th Battalion.

"Within six weeks of the time the boys of the 706th last visited me," she says, "their mothers called to tell me the boys were all missing in action. Later, I found out that they were all in different prison camps. All came back alive, but not very well at the time. My daughter Joy married one of them and lives in Detroit. She and her husband have adorable identical twins, five-year-old boys, who have modeled quite a bit and have had their pictures in all the leading magazines."

That the mothers of these im-
(Continued on page 12)

Whole Army



Mrs. Stierer, second from right, waits as two convalescing soldiers try their luck at blowing out the candles.



This bedfast vet shows how much Mrs. Stierer's parties mean to the sick and injured boys of Wakeman Hospital.



photo by erb

YOUR CHILD and his CHURCH SCHOOL TEACHER

By Vera Channels

AS A parent I had been going through a hectic schedule every Sunday morning! With four necks to check, four heads of hair to comb, eight shoes to shine, and an occasional last-minute rip or button to sew, I was exhausted when it was over. I would push the children out of the door and breath a sigh of relief before I started to get myself ready. It never occurred to me to think of their teachers. If I had, my thinking might have run like this: "They have it easy. All they have to do is teach these spotlessly clean, well-fed, shined, polished, and neat children of mine."

It was something of a shock, then, to become a teacher and find out what a teacher really does! A teacher sets goals. There are certain specific things she does for herself and for the children in her class. I learned about the materials a teacher uses and found them to be remarkably well prepared. The word "stewardship" took on a new meaning, for teachers spend a great amount of time in advance preparation for their work. Some of the basic Christian teachings also took on new meaning. God's love and individual care for each person were very evident as he worked through the teachers in our de-

partment. I was amazed at how much I learned. Regular Bible study, prayer, and the preparation of the lesson I was to teach others resulted in religious growth for me. I got a few clues, too, about other parents and how they co-operated—or did not—with the church school program.

The Goals—A teacher attempts to help the children in her class to a better understanding of the goodness of God. She tries to increase their love for Jesus and a desire to follow Jesus' way of life. She helps them become acquainted with the Bible and teaches some parts of it so well that the children will remember and use this knowledge now and continue to study and use the Bible throughout their lives. Helping children to love the church, to feel that it is their church and that they are important in it is another essential goal. All children have problems to face. The teachers help them learn to solve their problems by Christian standards; and she teaches children to share with others their love for God and the church.

This sounds like quite a large task for one hour a week, doesn't it?

The Materials—There was a time when materials used in the church school could have been unsuitable

and even damaging, but this is not true today. The major denominations meet together to plan the course of study for children. Materials are planned and written in keeping with the abilities and needs of each age level. They have their source in the Bible, but are applicable to daily living. Materials for teaching children in the church school these days are of the very best quality.

Most quarterlies for teachers contain references which a teacher may look up in her church library, or in the public library. Picture files are available in most church schools, and visual aids may be rented for a nominal fee. As a teacher plans for a unit of study, she incorporates many supplementary materials. She may develop a unit by using an exhibit of art objects, pictures, or handwork to illustrate the study. Often these are provided at her own expense.

Time Spent—There are wide differences in teachers and their abilities, but it would seem safe to assume that the average teacher spends at least an hour a week in advance preparation for her class. She probably reads the Bible passages on which her lesson is based, studies the entire lesson, and plans what she will be able to include for her own class. She arranges for handwork if the children are young. If she is a good teacher, she will pray that she may do and say the right thing to lead your children to know god. She may pray for guidance in handling your individual child if he is a problem to her.

Individual Care—If anyone feels that teaching a church school class is easy because a teacher spends only a few hours each week, let him remember that she is teaching *children*, and that each child in her class is a distinct individual, requiring special interest and attention and techniques. Sometimes one child may require as much time as the rest of the class combined. A teacher is willing to give that time. One teacher, discovering that a child was unable to read, tutored him twice a week for over a year. Some give special help with church school or public school work and listen to the children's problems and worries. Most teachers send birthday and get-well cards to the children in their classes, and some even provide gifts for the parents at Christmas and other special days.

Personal Religious Growth—A teacher who has had the privilege of working with children in a church, and observing the upturned faces alight with the acceptance of a new truth or the downturned faces in an attitude of genuine prayer, cannot help growing religiously. God is good. His love does transform lives. Jesus is indeed present in the class.

Add to this the regular Bible study, prayer, lesson preparation, and the reading of the teachers' magazines, and you have a pretty sound program for development in a religious way. Some churches present each church school teacher with a copy of her teach-

ers' guide, and some include a subscription to a magazine such as *Hearthstone*.

Help the Teacher—As a teacher I got a new perspective on what parents should be doing to help. First, have your child there regularly. We human beings like regularity in our lives. We sleep and eat and bathe and dress, go to our work and our meetings, and even mingle with our family and friends with a certain degree of regularity. If Mother failed to provide the meals on schedule, or do the washing on some particular Monday morning, everything would go awry.

Regularity is important in a church school class, too. Most studies are presented in units with specific aims and purposes. Your Johnny may come to class the first Sunday of a month and learn about a Mexican boy, Arturo, who went to Bible school under the guidance of the missionary. If he misses the next three Sundays, he'll fail to learn about the work of the church in the mission hospital, the work of the church in the schools for Mexican boys and girls, and how Arturo brought his friend to church and helped Christianity to grow in Mexico. One isolated story means very little to a child. A completed unit on missions in Mexico could change his life attitude about missions, the church, or the Mexican people.

Second, co-operate at home in the use of materials sent to you. If your Mary brings home a picture from public school, or a report card, or a set of completed lessons, you probably sit down and look them over and comment. You may put the picture on the wall. You're saying to Mary, "These things you are doing are important." If, on the other hand, Mary brings a *Message to Parents*, a picture, or a book from church school and you say, "Put it on the buffet," and fail to pay attention, you're saying, "Church school isn't very important. Just file those things on the buffet." Mary will sense the difference quicker than you will recognize your own attitude.

There are materials coming home from your church; there are suggestions for worship and study with your child at home. Be very careful to make proper use of them.

Third, take an interest in the church. Many parents have sent their children to church school to receive their religious education and let it go at that. Then one day the child is old enough to think for himself, and he says, "But, Daddy, you don't go. Why should I?" The answer to that one will help determine your child's future religious life. If you say, "Church is necessary for life. I want you to learn about God and the church: I need to learn, too, and from now on I will go with you," then you have sent your child up to one path. If you say, "Well, I went when I was your age. Now I don't need to go anymore," then you've sent him down another path—a short path with a dead end.

Parents are teachers, too. Can we prepare ourselves any less than the church school teacher does? Or, perhaps, should we do even more?

Is Your Home Creating Delinquents?

By Dr. Wayne Clinton Clark

*Dr. Clark is minister of Redford
Baptist Church, Detroit, Michigan*

The three preceding centuries have been characterized by the exploration of vast, new continents on the surface of the earth. This present century is characterized by the exploration of the vast, dark continent of human personality. In the last several decades, researchers have learned many truths concerning the dynamics of human behavior. They have learned that delinquents are made, not born. Delinquents are fashioned by forces frequently beyond their control, forces that work on the subconscious mind from the time of birth. Delinquents frequently are created by the destructive psychology of war. Frequently, too, they spring from bleak neighborhoods and vicious companionships. They are the products of the sinister power of suggestion that seeps into the uncritical mind from indecent jokes, smutty stories, violent literature, erotic movies and other audio and visual stimuli. *The home, however, outstrips every other factor in creating juvenile delinquents*

The broken home is a common cause of juvenile delinquency. Whether the break be psychological or legal, the effect is about the same. So far as the child is concerned, divorce and separation are often tantamount to rejection. If he feels that his parents reject him, he tends to reject himself and to feel a nameless anger toward life. Such a child has been cheated out of his birthright of love and security. When a child tends to reject himself, he tends also to reject others and to express that rejection in anti-social behavior. The breakdown of the home too often eventuates in the breakdown of the child's personality. A split in the home tears the young person apart and sets him in conflict with himself and with others. He lives his own civil war, and he creates disturbance wherever he goes. He does not understand all this, because the dynamics of personality operate below the level of consciousness.

What breaks up the home? In many instances drunkenness and immorality have been contributing factors. In others selfishness and incompatibility have done the damage. Underlying these factors there is a deeper one, *immaturity*. The greatest factor in the breakdown of the home has been infantilism. Delinquent children are created by delinquent homes, and delinquent homes are created by immature, juvenile men and women trying to play an adult game by childish whims!

Next to the broken home, parental neglect is a great factor in producing delinquent children. Note the case of Phil. Phil was a shy, awkward, overgrown lad. His only associates were a few boys of his own age who attended the same church he did. He had a good mind, but he lacked self-confidence. He lived in town with his grandparents so he could attend the local high school. His parents lived in the country, and he saw them only infrequently. There appeared to be no friction in the home; there was only indifference.

Then Margaret came into Phil's life and started coming to his church. She was vivacious, attractive, intelligent, and sensitive, the

only daughter in her family and the second of two children. Her father was a busy, professional man; her mother, a vigorous social worker. Margaret's parents were busy people. Because they were often away from home, Margaret was left to herself much of the time.

Phil and Margaret came to love each other. Each gave the other what they both desperately needed—attention, admiration, and love. They were with each other continuously. Neither family seemed to know or care how attached they had become. Then one day they came to their pastor's study, two confused, frightened young people.

"Margaret's going to have a baby," said Phil. "What will we do?"

"Do you truly love each other," the minister asked, "and do you want to live with each other?"

"Yes, we do," they immediately replied.

"Then you should be married. Have you talked with your parents about this?" Their eyes were downcast. "We're afraid to. Can you tell them for us?"

The minister telephoned the girl's parents and arranged a time to meet with them. When he arrived, only the mother was present. Her manner was hostile and impatient. As gently as he could the minister unfolded the situation. The shocked woman was silent for a while and then, in a voice that was barely audible, said, "Well, I guess I asked for it. I was so busy taking care of other people's children that I neglected my own."

Phil and Margaret were not confirmed delinquents, but they might have been! They might have gone from bad to worse had it not been for the help given them at the most critical moment in their lives by one who understood and cared. Many others, less fortunate than they, have become true delinquents because of parental neglect and indifference. In this tense, hurrying world parents do not always have time and energy to devote to their children. They do not know what their children are doing, or thinking, or feeling. Sometimes they care; sometimes they do not.

Too often they comfort themselves with the thought that they are providing a good home for their young people. They feed them well, they clothe them well, and they give them good educations. They think of delinquency as originating only in underprivileged homes in slum areas.

According to police records in the city of Detroit, as many juvenile delinquents come from precinct number fourteen as from precinct number thirteen. The former consists of above-average homes and is considered to be Detroit's best residential section. The latter consists of below-average homes and is made up of tenements and business houses.

A minister and his wife were crushed by the derelictions of their teen-age son. By the time he was fourteen he had committed petty thievery and had been in the hands of the police. A shy, taciturn boy, he was an enigma to them. They were religious people, and their home was characterized by worship and love. The father was wise, firm, and understanding. The mother was cultured and kind. During the early years of the lad's life, however, the talented father had had to be absent from home for long periods of time. For several years he had been in military service. Although she was loving and eager to do all she could, the mother was not able to cope fully with the task of raising the boy. The restraining, guiding hand of the father was absent. The mother was not adequate in strength and insight.

Police are unanimous and emphatic in agreeing that a lack of parental control is a decisive factor in juvenile delinquency. Both parents may be employed and unable to give proper supervision. The mother may be occupied with a social program that robs her child of proper care. The father's occupation may make him a virtual stranger to his family. Parents may hesitate to correct and discipline their children, because it is easier to give in to determined adolescent whims than to resist and guide them. They may temporize because they fear that they will warp the child's personality

Marlene was a girl who needed companionship to bolster her sense of importance. The wholesome friends she tried to make in school rejected her overtures, and she finally found her way into a circle of less desirable associates who did accept her. From them she learned to drink, smoke, and steal. Her career terminated abruptly in the court. She was sent to a correctional school for delinquent girls.

One of the serious crimes against the child is to deny him love and understanding. He has a right to them. They give a sense of security as nothing else can. Lack of love and understanding warps and twists him emotionally. Joan's mother would often scream at her and say, "You'll never amount to anything." The child could not cope with such hostility and chaos. She found no indication from her father or her mother that she was loved or wanted. The habitual, violent quarreling in the home distracted her. She saw parental affection and attention bestowed upon her younger brother, but she could not understand or tolerate it even though she realized it was largely because he was deaf and dumb.

stand, however, the parents beat her cruelly. Resentment and misery piled up all the more until she ran away again. This time her parents refused to take her back, and she was sent to a reformatory. "I don't know why, but I felt I didn't fit in at school or at home," she explained. "I wanted to run away from everything. I guess I was looking for someone who wanted me and could help me." Here again are seen the serious effects of rejection. The child felt rejected by her parents; so she rejected herself. For that reason she could not feel accepted at school. She could not tolerate herself or her life, and she tried to

May was a sixteen-year-old from a broken home who had come into contact with juvenile authorities because of sexual delinquency. She was given the choice of going to the home of a relative or the home of an unknown family that had volunteered to help. She elected the latter. Evidently, she believed it offered more emotional security. For a time everything went well. The young man and his wife tried to make a good home for the girl. They surrounded her with wholesome influences. They lacked in-

(Continued on page 30)

Harold M. Lambert





(Continued from page 5)

prisoned boys took time out to call her, from amid their worries, is further proof of what a special person Mrs. Stierer is to the men in service.

With that visit to Wakeman and the chat with the Red Cross, Mrs. Stierer's pastry profits were being mobilized again. They were being called to the colors, as they had been in World War II, to guarantee that those lonesome, sick GI's in Wakeman could have an unforgettable bit of happiness to cheer monotonous days and the long hours of wondering about things.

She baked a huge cake, big enough for a hundred hungry boys. It had plenty of candles, so that all the boys could take turns blowing them out. She bought cigarettes with her own money, and gifts for a "guessed-at" number of boys having birthdays to honor; and other odds and ends to make it a successful party. Three friends who were to help serve loaded the provisions into the Stierer family car, and the four of them started for Atterbury, seventy miles away.

"I broke a spring one day, on the trip down," she admits. "We made it all right, but it was rough riding."

It was rough, too, when she went to her December party in a borrowed car. The roads were smooth ice all the way—but she made it to Atterbury. "I was so glad we did," she says. "The boys in that ward had been back from Korea only three weeks, and they had

looked forward to our coming so much."

On October 18, the day of that first party, the boys in Ward 10B had no inkling of what was afoot. They were lolling around, shooting the breeze and playing cards, reading and sleeping, anything to kill time. It was just another day, and October had thirteen more. Then it would be November, and December. How many after that?

The approaching feminine babble in the corridor beyond stirred but casual interest. Then Mrs. Stierer swept in with her giant birthday cake, gifts, refreshments, and staff. An escorting nurse introduced her, and the party was on.

"They were all eyes and ears," Mrs. Stierer laughed. "They couldn't seem to believe it, but when they did, they were very happy."

Beds were wheeled in from the ward's private rooms, so their occupants could join in the fun. A bingo session started. Boys who had October birthdays were discovered and given presents. Later, came cake and ice cream, bought with Mrs. Stierer's money—cigarettes, and the ceremony of the birthday cake. Last were the fervent words of appreciation from wet-eyed and sincere GI's.

Mrs. Stierer has some very definite standards for these parties. "I like to have them like a party I would give in my home," she says. "My cake will serve 100 people or more, and I decorate it

in pretty colors and five-inch candles. I have brick ice cream, usually pink and white, individually cut and wrapped. Sometimes I have coffee, other times punch—with cigarettes for the ward, and gifts for all who have birthdays that month.

"For February the ice cream had red cupids and darts stencilled on the slices. There were eight birthdays that month, seven in March. I take attractive birthday napkins and white, square, paper plates. I always wear bright clothes and a pretty apron."

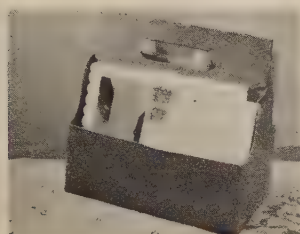
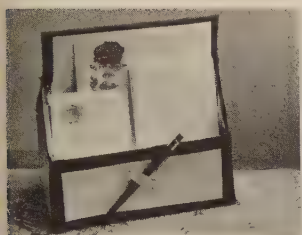
Her parties have never missed a month, and have grown until some months she serves 200.

Once in a while she gets a windfall, but not too often. In November of 1951 she was a guest on Bob Cunningham's **WELCOME TRAVELERS** show, where Cunningham introduced her as "The Lady Who Travels Miles for Smiles." Tommy Bartlett gave her apples from the Benton Harbor Chamber of Commerce, hams from the Rath Packing Company of Iowa, 288 candy bars, and 700 cookies. But did she breathe a sigh of relief, happy in the thought that this was one month she wouldn't have to work much on her party? No. She prepared the regular refreshments and gifts and took the donations along to pass out as a little surprise to *nine other wards* after the scheduled ward party.

Occasionally, she varies the party schedule with a show for the whole gang. GI's, like other people, enjoy variety and entertainment, as well as food and personal attention. Almost always she has the services, gratis, of prominent radio and TV entertainers from neighboring Indianapolis.

"I'll never be rich," she observes, "but I've got a memory of lots of smiling faces."

That might be the very best form of riches. Cash can get away so easily! But the memory of gratefully smiling soldier boys, alone and away from their homes; the hundreds of forget-me-not letters beginning "Dear Mom"—those are pretty fine, soul-filling things that will make "Mom" Stierer rich forever.



make Something out of Nothing

By Hazel Palmer

IN these days of the high cost of everything, one is often discouraged from pursuing a hobby because of expensive materials. A look around the grocery and home, however, will reveal some amazing possibilities at almost no cost.

Take, for example, the cardboard cartons used as containers for bottled drinks. They make excellent files for stationery, letters, and postcards.

The box is simply covered with white shelf paper (wipe it off to keep it clean) that is secured at the edges with a stapling machine. The staples are covered with a border of green mystic tape. A bit of elastic from my workbasket and a couple of staples keep a pen of matching green right where I want it. Another file contains letters from family and friends.

That isn't all. A homemaker has other problems. Bills! So turn the letter box around, and here they are in the opposite side ready and waiting for the first of the month—or should I say until the bank account is ready . . . Anyway, here they are. Turn around the box of note paper with the pen on it, and here is the checkbook with plenty of envelopes to take care of that every first-of-the-month chore. Best of all, one may look at friends' letters and attractive note paper throughout the rest of the month while the bills repose out of sight.

Around our house socks never seem to get mended. That's because I never can find needles and scissors

when I need them.

A beverage carton makes the cutest workbasket I've ever seen. One side holds the socks for mending, and the other contains darning egg and thread. Again, attached by a staple, a bit of elastic keeps my scissors where I can get them, and another staple holds a small pincushion for needles.

These boxes work just as well for small knitting and crocheting articles.

At Christmas these containers do a very special job. Card companies sell containers for cards, but a beverage carton plus some left over paint makes a handy card holder. I started by taping the bottom where there is an opening. This makes the box firm and solid, and things won't fall out. Then I covered the whole box with two coats of paint. I used a water base paint—no turpentine necessary, for it is thinned with water. The brush is washed with water after using, too. Thirty minutes is enough drying time between coats. For the decoration I bought a Santa Claus at the five and ten. Smaller seals are pasted on the rest of the container, and a perky bow made of two yards of dime-store ribbon adds the finishing touch. Dozens of other variations could be made.

Before I finished with these, I found containers greatly in demand. I use them to hold my shoe polishing equipment.

(Continued on page 26)

Saplings Wil.

THE only way to answer such a letter as this one was to strike back at once, tell that first-grade schoolteacher exactly what Jeanie's mother thought of a woman who'd write such spiteful, poison-pen stuff. Etta King's polished finger tip whirled on the phone dial, but not faster than the scathing words, her defense of six-year-old Jeanie, whirled in her head.

Her finger flew around twice, three times, before a vague inner doubt, her natural fairness of mind, forced the receiver shakily back in its cradle. After all, it would not hurt to give herself a little time, let the edge of her anger become less sharp. She simply couldn't afford to lose her dignity.

It would be juicy gossip in Tanglewood if the party liners overheard Miss Bates and Etta King, society reporter for the *Evening Bugle*, scratching at each other. It would not help Jeanie.

Etta had to admit, as her trembling fingers folded the letter, blinking back the angry tears, waiting might weaken the force of her defense of Jeanie. But there was no basis for the teacher writing such a thing.

"Incorrigible behavior," she wrote. "Doesn't seem to know right from wrong . . . a game . . . looks me right in the eyes and repeats bold-faced lies!" Etta had only one answer for that—non-sense, hogwash!

Why, then, should she feel so upset? The only satisfaction she could feel right now came from realizing that Miss Bates was probably the most miserable of all. The person under fire, Jeanie, was the only one of the three untouched. Etta sank back on the sectional divan, suddenly tired.

In self-defense, as though the deeper part of her mind were doing battle with the other part of Etta that wanted to forget the whole thing, she swept the room with her eyes. The spinet, Jeanie's own shelf of selected books, everything to guide and give pleasure to a little girl. Her eyes followed the path of light spilling across the muted tones of the piled rug, into that bright space chosen by Jeanie for her own bedroom.

Only a few minutes before Jeanie had so eagerly run to the mailbox, her steps falling like soft pebbles across the rug. It had been all part of the lovely morning. Then there was the letter.

The song Jeanie had been singing as she skipped toward the door had been another awakening experience for Etta, as though it were part of a rebirth between them, an awareness of a new phase in their lives together. The letter had come like a black blot on the song. The reawakened closeness between mother and daughter made the letter all the more wounding. And why, after all, should Miss Bates want to hurt Jeanie? Naturally, the schoolteacher could not feel so full of love for Jeanie as her own mother, but if Jeanie were "incorrigible" as it was so bluntly stated, wouldn't a mother's eyes be the most discerning, the first to realize?

ETTA LOOKED across the living room and studied her daughter bending over her jackstraws. As though Jeanie were aware of the gaze, she turned toward her mother, bright, with a pixie touch. Her smile was innocent and quick, wholly sweet. Etta relaxed. *No, my little girl wouldn't lie to Miss Bates.* She spoke aloud, "You

haven't been having trouble at school, have you, Jeanie?"

Jeanie's round, blue eyes met hers. "Oh, no, Mummy."

Etta breathed a sigh of relief. *Why, of course, you just had to look at those eyes and you'd know that!* She smiled. For a minute she had doubted, wondered, but not now. The letter could wait. It was a mistake, surely, and in good time Etta would give Miss Bates a chance to explain. But not today, not now.

She patted the letter with her palm and slipped it between the books beside her. She rested her eyes again on Jeanie's bright head and the corners of Etta's lips swept upward. "Sweet," she said. "Mother's sweet little girl."

She could see why Miss Bates would think her overindulgent to Jeanie, too sentimentally inclined. But Etta was cramped for time. She had to make up, in the short hours she'd squeezed from her busy days, some of the lost pleasures she had missed. It was that feeling of need to know her growing daughter that had been in her mind when she'd let Jeanie beg off from going to school.

ETTA HADN'T really wanted to attend Mary Wingate's party. It was true she'd promised Mary to give her a good write-up in the column, and it would have given Etta a chance to make a few more pennies, but her planned schedule for the day had suddenly seemed so trivial, so unnecessary compared with her need to have a day with Jeanie. Just the two of them together for one day. It was in this mood that she had dismissed Martha, the housekeeper.

Of course, it had been on outgrowth of Etta's trying to smooth

Bend

Illustration by Norman Nichols

over Martha's ruffled feelings, too, to be perfectly honest. It had been over the question of Jeanie staying home from school, as usual. Etta had admitted to Martha that the child was being a little monkey, all right. But what was a day more or less to a first-grader?

Martha had stopped stirring the mush. She'd met Etta's eyes over Jeanie's tousled head. "Don't give in to her again." Martha's whole angular, New England face spoke out against it. Etta pleaded with her eyes, too, for Jeanie. Finally, Martha shrugged and went back to her cooking. Even now, angry as Etta still felt about the letter, she couldn't keep from smiling at the memory of Martha's red face when Etta had said she'd smooth it over with Miss Bates, make some excuse about Jeanie being sick.

Jeanie's thanks had come quickly, lavishly. "Oh, Mummy, Mummy, I love you! I wish you could play sick, too. I wish you could stay home with me."

It was then Etta had wiped the slate clean of clubs, parties, society notes, all the clutter of trivial responsibilities. "You may have the day off, Martha." Martha had answered with a clatter of dishes and a banging of cupboard doors.

After breakfast Etta had in her mind to say something to Martha, try to make her understand the sky wasn't falling in just because Etta chose to have a day alone with Jeanie. But there was a rigidity of Martha's shoulders that made her swallow the unspoken words.

Now the cushioned ring of the telephone sounded beside her. Mrs. King slipped back into the present. She let it ring one time, two, three, then she lifted the receiver. "Mrs. King, speaking," she said



Jeanie stood in the doorway looking at her mother, smiling slyly, her head slightly to one side, and quite obviously saying with her eyes, "You see, that's what I mean!"

brightly, using her voice reserved for her local society news customers. Her body relaxed at the sound of Mary Wingate's voice. Etta's eyes wandered away from their quick alertness to the lazy, half-listening attention.

From the corner of her eyes she noticed Jeanie's hand pause in mid-air, then come to rest in her lap. The gold flame of her hair quit

bobbing. Etta smiled. Jeanie's mind was so active, always jumping fences. She spoke into the receiver. "What were you saying, Mary? I couldn't hear you."

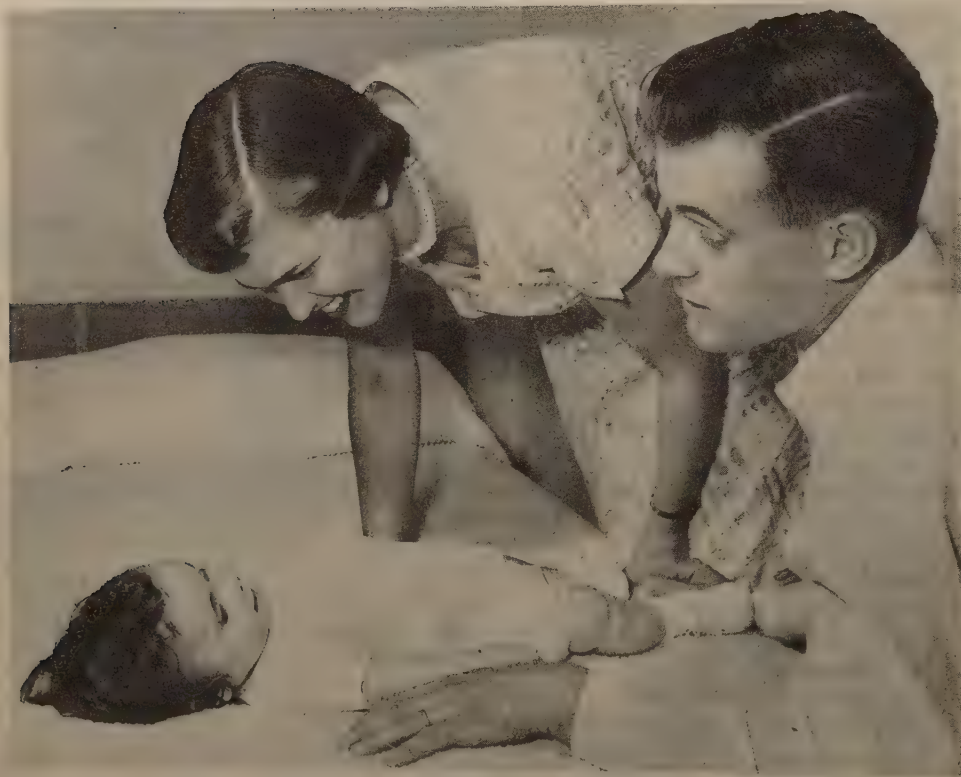
The receiver rattled in her hand. Etta held it away from her ear and smiled again at Jeanie who was now frankly listening. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mary! I can't pos-

(Continued on page 27)

Where Love Is



A child's awe when he sees a fluffy chick is compensation for the hindrance of the little one tagging along on busy days.



Even a tiny baby can sense its parents' love. A love which seeks only the best welfare of the child is needed.

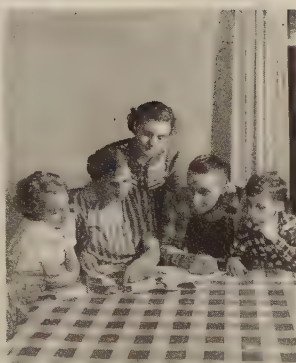
HAPPY the home where love is!

Love at home is an intangible thing but an atmosphere that is sensed rather than seen. It is the closeness of parents and children, the sharing of secrets, the confiding of hopes, ambitions, and problems, knowing that the confidence will be met with sympathetic understand-

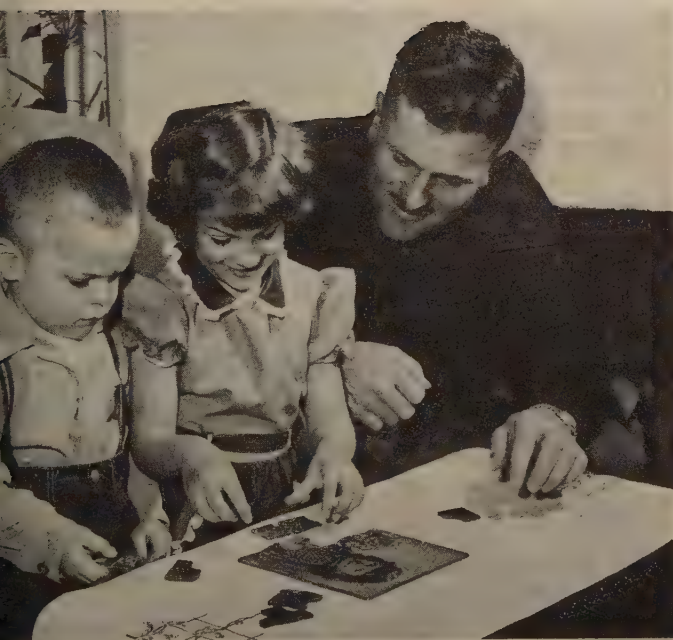
ing. Love at home is the togetherness of the family in working and playing and planning for the future, the genuine concern of each member for the welfare of the others, and the mutual love and trust which makes for a close-knit, contented family group.



The pleasure of a well-earned vacation trip is doubled if the planning is a family council affair.



Since the home belongs to the entire family, all members should take part in domestic chores.



When Daddy is an admiring audience, the games of childhood take on added interest.

Love radiates when grandparents show an interest in their grandchildren.



A vital part of raising children is taking—not sending—they to church.

Feature by
Elma Waltner



Doug Does His Duty

"Douglas, you go out to the chicken house and gather the eggs," his mother said.

She was hurrying about the house. Aunt Matilda was coming, and the house had to be cleaned before she got there.

"Douglas, will you . . ."

"Sure, Mom," Doug answered, starting for the door.

"Sure, what?" Angus asked, coming into the living room. Angus was Doug's brother.

"I told Douglas to gather the eggs."

"But it's my turn to gather the eggs," Angus said. "Doug gathered them last time. Mom, don't let him. It's my turn."

"Oh, I forgot. You can run the vacuum cleaner for me, Angus."

"I don't want to run the vacuum cleaner. I want to gather the eggs. It's my turn. Mom, Doug's going."

Their mother sighed. "Douglas, let Angus gather the eggs."

"But, Mom, you said. . ."

"I know, but I forgot. It's Angus' turn."

Passing him, Angus grinned.

Doug pretended he didn't care. But he did. He liked to gather eggs.

"You can run the vacuum cleaner for me, Douglas."

Doug started to frown but quickly stopped himself when he saw Angus looking at him.

"Hurry up now. Aunt Matilda will be here any minute. Angus, you go get those eggs now."

Doug started the vacuum cleaner. As it whirled, Doug pushed it over the rug, back and forth, up and down. Then he poked into corners with it. When Angus came back with the eggs, he was still pushing the vacuum cleaner about.

"Aren't you about through, Douglas?" his mother called.

"I want to do a good job," Doug answered.

He continued to run the vacuum cleaner. Angus peered at him, and he was no longer smiling. Doug ran the vacuum under the table and chairs, then on top of them.

"I like to run the vacuum cleaner and clean things up nice, don't you?" he asked Angus.

Angus just looked and didn't say anything. He seemed puzzled, which made Doug grin.

Doug continued to run the vacuum cleaner and pretend he liked to do it. He was just putting it away when his mother and Aunt Matilda walked into the living room.

"My, how nice and clean this room is!" Aunt Matilda exclaimed. "Not a speck of dust anywhere."

Doug's mother smiled. "Douglas did a good job."

"You certainly did, Douglas," Aunt Matilda said.

Doug looked at the room. It *did* look nice. He smiled.

He was still smiling as he was putting the vacuum away.

"I . . . I thought you were just pretending to like to vacuum because I got to gather the eggs and you had to do it," Angus said.

"I was," Doug said, "until I saw how pleased Mom and Aunt Matilda were and how nice the room looked. Now I guess . . . I like it."

And Doug was almost amazed at himself.



Worship in the family with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

At Church

Douglas' feet went "step, step, step, step," as he walked down the corridor. As he listened to them saying "step, step, step, step," his mind sang a little song, "I'm going to church, church, church." Douglas' face wore a look that Mother called his "secret look." It meant that he was happy inside and was thinking happy thoughts.

When Douglas came to the end of the corridor, there were Debbie and John waiting for him.

"Where's Mother?" Douglas asked.

"She will be here soon," Debbie said, taking hold of Douglas' hand. "She's helping Mrs. Smith fix the flowers."

"And is Daddy helping the people find seats?" Douglas asked.

"Yes, just as he always does," John answered. "He'll help us find one when Mother comes."

Mother came, and they all went into the church. There was Daddy, and Douglas' heart beat fast when Daddy smiled at them and whispered, "Here's my favorite family!" Then Daddy took them down the aisle to their seat.

Douglas felt all warm and safe and bubbly inside. This was the time he loved best of all. He looked around the quiet church. The sun was shining through the stained-glass windows, and the colors were falling across his family as they sat together in the pew: the red on Debbie's new hat; the beautiful blue on Mother's white gloves; the soft green on John's knees; and the deep purple on Douglas' own hands as he spread them in the lovely light.

Douglas sighed—a deep, happy sigh. He leaned his head against the pew and listened to the low and quiet tone of the minister's voice. Douglas wondered what the words meant. He looked at Mother's face. It was beautiful and happy looking as she listened.

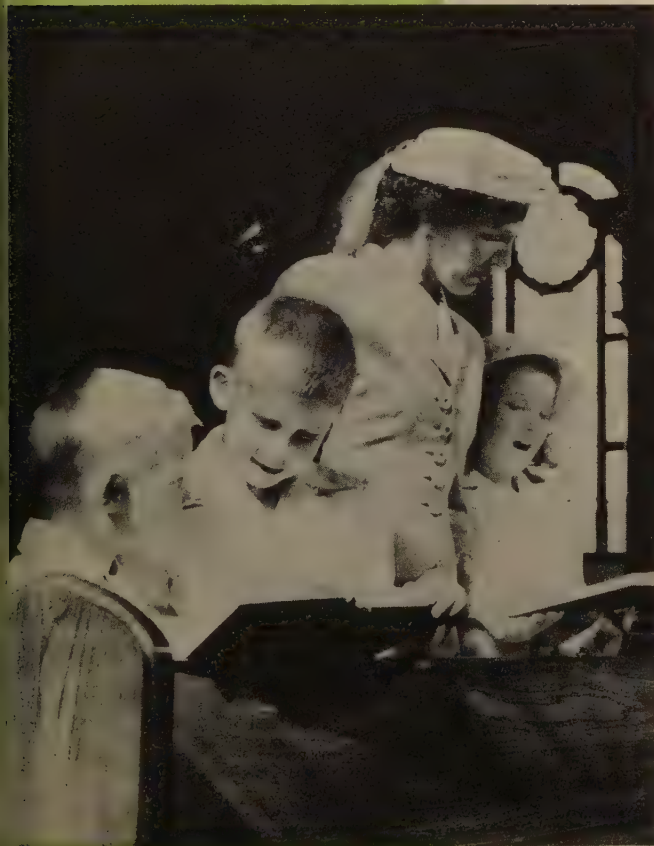
Then the organ began to play, softly at first, then more loudly. Mother opened one hymnbook and handed it to John. She opened another. She and Debbie held it between them. They began to sing. Douglas couldn't read, but John smiled at him and let him hold one side of his book. Douglas remembered the words his teacher had prayed in his class this morning. He said them again in his mind: "Dear God, thank you for our church, and the happy times we have here. Amen." Douglas was glad his family was together in church.

THEME FOR MAY

Worshiping Together

A Word to Parents

The material on this page and on the next two pages is for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.



Religious News Service

TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

Thinking of God

It was a beautiful, bright May morning. Everything seemed to be singing a happy song. Donald, Jimmy, and Ruth were happy, too. They had just moved into a new home in the country. Everything was new and wonderful and exciting to them.

"I wonder what's at the top of the hill?" Donald mused. "Do you think we could walk clear to the top of the hill, Jimmy?" he asked.

"Yes," Jimmy answered, "I'm sure we could."

Just then Ruth came to the door. "I want to go, too," she said.

"If Mother says so, you may," Jimmy smiled.

"Then I'll ask Mother if we can go," Ruth said.

"What's this I hear about you climbing the hill?" Mother asked, her eyes crinkled with a smile.

"Oh, Mother, may we?" Donald asked.

"Oh, Mother, may we?" Ruth echoed.

Mother turned to Jimmy. "Do you think you could keep our house in sight, and when you get to the top, rest a few minutes, then come back?"

Jimmy looked at Mother thoughtfully. "How would we know our house from other houses around here?" he asked after a few moments.

"By the oak tree," Donald suggested hopefully.

Jimmy shook his head. "No," he said, "there may be other houses with oak trees in the yard."

"By the green roof," Donald tried again.

Again Jimmy shook his head. "Other houses may have green roofs, too."

"If we had something with a bright color, like something red or yellow," Mother said slowly.

"I know," Ruth said in excitement. "Why can't you hang my red dress on the line?"

Mother and Jimmy laughed. "That will do," Jimmy said. So Mother hung Ruth's red dress on the line, and the children walked through the back yard, across the pasture, and began to climb the hill.

The sun was hot on their backs, but the breezes blew soft and cool. They listened to the birds singing. Every little while they would turn and look back over the way they had come. Always they would see Ruth's red dress hanging on the line.

Finally, the children reached the top of the hill. Donald said, "Oh, Oh!" Ruth held tight to Jimmy's hand. Jimmy sucked in his breath, and stood silent. There below them was a wide valley. Houses and barns could be seen in clumps of trees; a white church spire pointed its slim finger toward the sky. A stream, like a silver ribbon, wandered through the little valley. It made a beautiful picture.

Finally, Donald said, "Jimmy, do you remember the verses we learned in church school?"

"Which ones?" Jimmy replied.

"Something about 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works,'" Donald said.

Jimmy smiled. "Being up here made me think of God, too," he said. Then the children turned and started back toward the red dress, the boys saying the words of the Psalm they had learned at church.



Harold M. Lambert

Bless the LORD, O my soul!
O LORD my God, thou art very great!
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty,
who coverest thyself with light as with a garment,
who hast stretched out the heavens like a tent,
who hast laid the beams of thy chambers on the waters,
who makest the clouds thy chariot,
who ridest on the wings of the wind.
Thou makest springs gush forth in the valleys;
they flow between the hills,
they give drink to every beast of the field;
the wild asses quench their thirst.
By them the birds of the air have their habitation;
they sing among the branches.
From thy lofty abode thou waterest the mountains;
the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy work.
O LORD, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all;
the earth is full of thy creatures.

—Psalm 104:1-3, 10-13, 24.

Morning Prayer

Dear God, I thank you for this day,
And for the morning sun;
Be with us in our work and play
And lead us in our fun.
I thank You, God, for watchful care,
For loving things you do;
And in this little morning prayer,
I'll say I love you, too.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

Seeing God

I took an early morning walk
And met God everywhere!
I saw Him in a dew-drenched rock,
In flower fragrance rare.

The hills were like a tapestry,
Their colors all aglow;
My heart was filled with reverent love,
For God was there, I know.

I saw him in the flight of birds
And in their songs so gay;
I know that God was in kind words
I heard some children say.

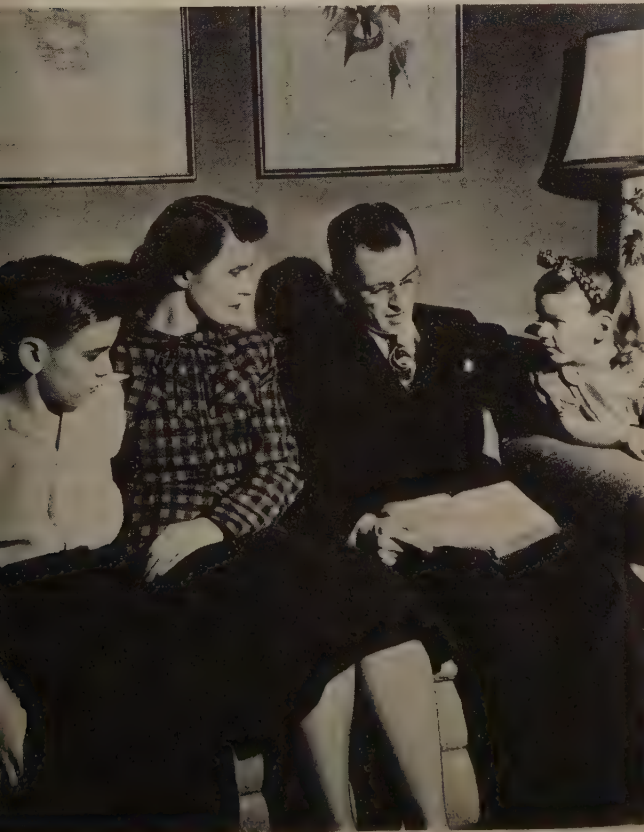
So when I take a morning walk
And meet God in this way,
It shows in all my acts, and thoughts,
Throughout the livelong day.

—Jessie B. Carlson

A Prayer

Dear God, we are glad that there are so many ways in which to express our love and gratitude to you: through our thoughts, our attitudes, our actions, and our words. May our deeds always match our words, and may our thoughts and our attitudes toward others reflect our worship of thee. Amen.

Religious News Service



FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Call to Worship:

Before the mountains were brought forth,
or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the
world,
from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.
O give thanks to the LORD, for he is good,
for his steadfast love endures for ever.
To him who alone does great wonders,
for his steadfast love endures for ever;
to him who made the great lights,
for his steadfast love endures for ever;
the sun to rule over the day,
for his steadfast love endures for ever;
the moon and stars to rule over the night,
for his steadfast love endures for ever.

—Psalm 90:2; 136:1, 4, 7-9.

Song: Choose one of the following: "The Spacious Firmament on High," Junior pupil's book for Year III, Summer Quarter, page 18; "Now Thank We All Our God," Junior pupil's book for Year III, Winter Quarter, page 17; "Fairest Lord Jesus," Junior pupil's book, Year I, Summer Quarter, page 40; "For the Beauty of the Earth," Primary pupil's book, Year III, Summer Quarter, page 6; "Within Our Quiet Church, O God," Primary pupil's book, Year III, Fall Quarter, page 8; "For the Bible We Thank You," Primary pupil's book, Year I, Winter Quarter, page 22.

Scripture: Read the passage from Psalm 104, which is part of the story on the opposite page, or choose a passage suited to your meditation.

Meditation: Discuss the ideas in the scripture passage or in the call to worship.

Prayer: Use one of those given on these pages, or pray your own prayer, or use the litany below.

Song: Choose one from the list above.

A Litany

For home and family, and loving care,
We are glad, our Father.
For the happy times we share,
We are glad, our Father.
For our church, where we worship with others,
We are glad, our Father.
For other worship times when we feel thee near,
We are glad, our Father.
For the beautiful world in which we live,
We thank thee, Lord.
For the dependable pattern of day and night, winter
and summer,
We thank thee, Lord.
For the joys that come to us as the seasons change,
We thank thee, Lord.
For thoughts that turn naturally to thee when we are
outdoors,
We thank thee, Lord.
For all thy goodness and thy loving plans for us,
We thank thee, Lord.

Parents Are Stand-Ins for God

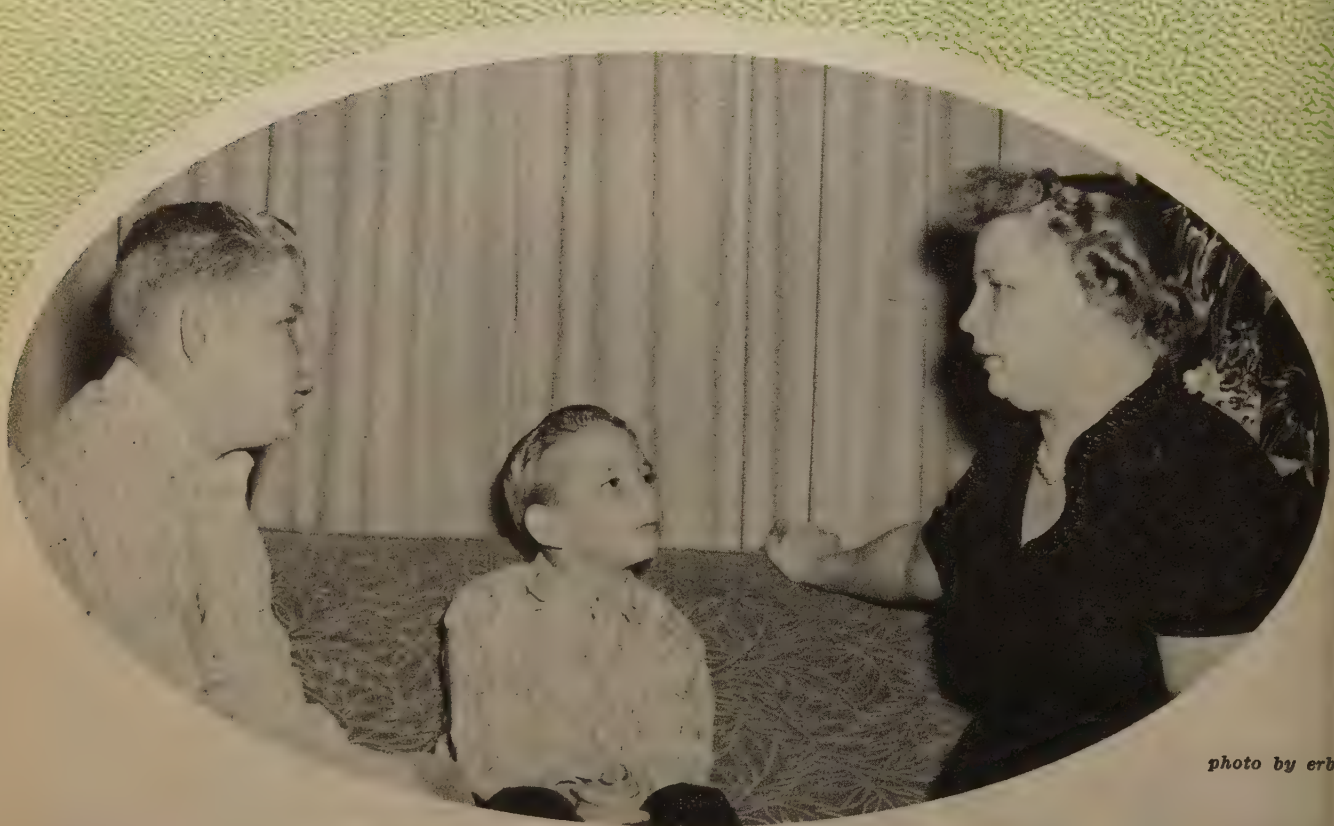


photo by erb

Mother and Dad give children their first impressions of God. It is the parents' duty to see that these impressions make God the loving Father that he is.

CAROL had come home from school very much troubled.

"Mother," she said, "James said today that God was going to destroy the world by fire because it is bad. He said God had destroyed the world by a flood once when the people were very wicked, and this time he was going to burn up the whole place."

She paused and looked at me expectantly. Her look asked for rebuttal for her small friend's statement.

I took a deep breath and hoped for the right words. "What bothers you most about that idea?" I asked.

"Well . . . I don't like any of it. In fact, I would not even like God if he were to do such a thing." This she said hesitantly, knowing that God was not to be discussed in a flippant manner.

"Carol, we have always talked about God as the loving Father who cares for all creatures here on earth."

"Yes, I know that, Mother."

"Well, the heavenly Father loves us just like your own daddy loves you—only more so. Can you imagine your daddy getting angry at you for being naughty and punishing you by burning up your home?"

"Don't be silly, Mother. Of course he wouldn't."

He'd be very sorry I'd disobeyed, but he'd never do a thing like that."

"We feel that God, our heavenly Father, loves us with a great and understanding love—that he is sorry for our bad deeds, but he would never destroy us. It may be that people will someday forget God's love and start a great war. There are weapons of war so destructive that the world might be destroyed, but we think it would be because the people here on earth are very wrong and start trouble."

Carol leaned against the door, looking at me. I wondered if I'd said enough or too much.

"I guess I'll just think of God as being like my daddy and not worry about what James says any more. If he's really like Daddy, he's pretty special," she said.

"Of course you must remember, Carol, that God can never be compared to a man, even one like your father. I said his love for us here on earth was like a father's love, only much greater."

"Yes, but sometimes I can't quite imagine what God is like. You told me once he was like the wind; everywhere but never seen. Then you said he was the spirit in my heart that made me happy or that

him say, "You did just right, child. I'm proud of you."

No one had ever suggested to me that God's love was like a father's. I knew it instinctively. When my father clasped his hands at the table and bowed his head to thank God "for thy bountiful blessings," I felt I was so near to God that I could touch him.

"So," I thought to myself, "you grew up thinking God was like a father. Now your child, lacking a more tangible picture, thinks so, too. Was this so bad after all?" So long as the father was a good father, showing real love for his children, they were taking a first step in deifying God with that love. I could see that the whole idea of God was limited, yes, but it was an idea which had filled a need for me and on which I built my religious thinking. It had led to a trust and love and a "seeking after" which had been good. This idea put the parents of all generations in the position of stand-ins for God . . . they were not the real star of the show. They were only there for focusing the lights, arranging the sets, and getting the proper perspective. Without the right kind of father this approach would have little meaning to a child or might create a wrong picture and relationship.

Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups by Geneve R. Selsor

made me sad when I saw someone in trouble. You said that people who know God and feel close to him want to help others. Well, I can sort of understand all that, but it also confuses me. So when I think of Daddy and how sweet and dear he is and how happy I am when I know I've made him glad and proud of me, I can also think of God and know he is pleased, too. That makes God more real to me than anything else."

I opened my mouth to say something and found that I was speechless. I suddenly remembered the time I thought that the hand of God was rough and calloused and the nail on the thumb was crooked.

Carol turned to go out the door. She was smiling, and already her first problem had disappeared. I was alone again thinking that all the problems that had once been mine were now my little girl's.

"Yes," I thought. "I remember the calloused hand I had held and the rough, crooked thumbnail my wandering finger had traced over and over again."

It hadn't been the hand of God at all, only the warm gentle hand of my father. I had watched his hands on the plow handle guiding it down a straight sure furrow. I had watched those same hands bandage the broken leg of my pet black lamb and harness Maud and Pete to the hay wagon, surely, swiftly, and gently. Best of all, I felt that hand on my sun-bleached head like a benediction, and I could hear

Standing in for God

Parents first stand in place of God, expressing God's purposes, in their training of children. God becomes real to children through the love and example of those nearest them. The key to children's concept of God is most likely to be what they hear and see exemplified in their parents.

Had not this been true in my childhood? Hadn't Carol in her acceptance of my explanation of God's love simply followed in the same path? Of course, Carol was accustomed to co-operating with her parents in working out her problems. She accepted much of what we said because she looked to us for guidance. But this co-operation with her parents will, we hope, develop into a similar co-operation with God, and deepen throughout her life.

Children can never fulfill the promise of the nursery and attain their full stature without a vision of God.

From whom will such a vision come? It will come from those who make up the family circle: Parents, friends, brothers, and sisters, but mostly from parents who through their love and kindness show the beginnings of a greater love—that of the heavenly Father. These parents are not only standing in for God. They are mirrors of what they believe God to be, reflecting in their lives their vision of God.

This first vision of God will not be a picture etched on their lives by one day's living. It will be the result of the loving care of a mother and father from

birth throughout life. It will be the attitude of these parents toward right and wrong. It will be the time spent in play together; the doll clothes mended; the fishing poles of adult and child bobbing up and down—together. It will be the tears wiped, the quarrels settled, and always and above all the attitude and spirit in which these are done.

This vision will not be made from words of instruction spoken to children. "Do this but don't do that." The vision will accumulate so gradually that no one will really be aware of it. Such a vision might be ours if we gave as much time to cultivating close communion with God as we give to keeping house and making a living. Such visions come to those who stand in for God.

Children Need to Be Aware

As stand-ins for God we can make our children aware—aware of the life in nature; the lessons of the seasons; the skill of the swallow who fashions firm nests; the flowers which push through the soil, leaf out, bloom, wither, and die, only to reappear.

As children develop, this curious awareness of things alive begins to focus on people. Why are some people sick and others well? Why are some

people rich and others poor? Why are some people black and others white, acceptable or not acceptable?

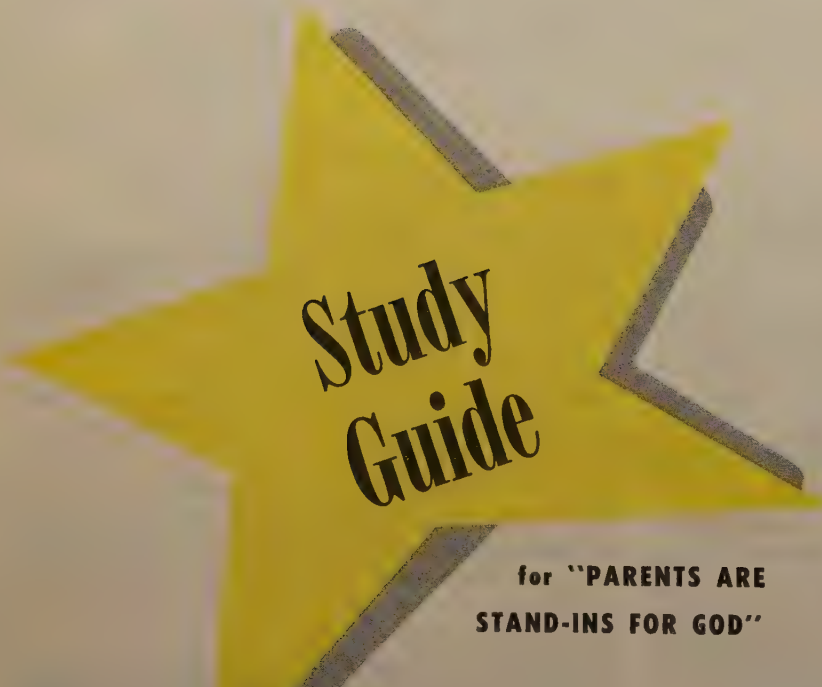
Even with disinterested parents children will retain some curiosity; but parents who seek a better way to live usually find that way and, in finding it, change. In that change they and their children are brought closer to God. It also follows that children of seeking parents, alive to the world, will never merely drift into adult life. They will be aware of their days of living and arrive at mature years with a purpose backed, we hope, by a vision.

Children reach out intuitively to the idea of God. It is almost as though they had met in another world. No explanation of their world in scientific terms is quite adequate . . . they seem to look for a further explanation.

The supernatural idea of God bothers them only slightly, for to begin with, most children live half in half out of reality. They have unseen friends who never really exist except in their minds. Why not a loving father unseen yet quite real to them?

Children need to know that God is dependable; that he is more than a friend; that he loves us, his children, through all time, regardless of our actions.

(Continued on next page)



Study Guide

for "PARENTS ARE STAND-INS FOR GOD"

Preparation for the Meeting

When parents meet to discuss a subject like interpreting God to children, they will want to share some personal experiences, either from their childhood or from more recent experiences with their own children.

Talk about children can also be stimulating and most helpful both for those who speak and those who listen if the conversation has a point and is limited to the subject under discussion.

Secure from the church library, per-

sonal libraries, or from a book store, some of the books listed under "Resources for the Meeting."

Read at least two of these books and ask three other parents to comment on other books, either those for children or those for adults.

Have one person moderate the discussion, preferably someone who will pull the conversation back onto the subject under discussion. This same person should consider the use of questions for promoting active discussion, either those

suggested or some that occur during the session.

It would be effective to close the meeting with a brief devotion, such as the reading of Fitch's *A Book About God*.

Conducting the Meeting

The moderator may lead the group in an informal discussion about the main points in the article, beginning with the questions, "Have you ever considered yourself a stand-in or representative of God? Is this a new concept of the role of parents to you?"

Then move on to the second phase of the article asking, "Do you feel you are giving your children a vision of God which will be meaningful to them as they grow up? How can we change the atmosphere of our homes to bring out a clearer vision of God? Can parents possibly take time from each day for personal devotions? When is the best time?"

In discussing the last phase of the article ask this question: Why do children need parents aside from the physical care they receive? Why do children need a heavenly Father?

This discussion should take up about a third of the meeting time. It should set the tone of the general question-and-discussion period which is the most important part of the meeting.

There should be several questions waiting to be asked. If there are not, use some of these.

1. How can we teach our children to acquire a working faith for life's

(Continued on page 28)

Children will know about a dependable God if they have dependable parents and teachers who say, "This will probably happen if you do thus and so." Little David was feeling his way during his first week in school. He had been told by Miss Van that if he dropped the lid of his desk so that it banged, just one more time that day, he would have to stay after school. David dropped the desk lid, and as a result was late getting home from school. When he came in and reported the happenings of the day to me, I said, "Son, why did you drop the lid of the desk?" David answered quite cheerfully and with no malice, "I just wanted to see if the teacher meant what she said, and sure enough she did."

Sometimes parents like to think of themselves as pals with their children. This is all very well, but children need someone stronger than a pal to help them over the rough spots. As Carol has said, "I have lots of friends, Mother. What I need are par-

ents." It is but a step from need of parents to need of God.

Parents who have discovered that life can be lived close to God will show their children through their actions, conversations, and attitudes how they, too, can grow closer to God.

Children love because they have first been loved. Their love grows to include those things loved by their parents. If their parents appreciate beauty and goodness, then the children, always trying to be like the adult, will echo that appreciation.

Parents as stand-ins for God must realize that their children's understanding of God will be an echo of their understanding. As they love, appreciate, exemplify, or reflect God's ways in their lives, so, too, shall their children. Religion for children is the atmosphere of the home, the awareness of life, and the reaching out for God, through parents.

BIBLEGRAM

by *Hilda E. Allen*

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Dark and cloudy -----	129 56 6 29 61 62
B Eskimo dog -----	31 115 27 108 11
C Sixth word of the Lord's Prayer -	53 32 16 120 24 90
D New, not used -----	51 7 83 122 1 131
E Pictures on the screen -----	73 50 2 26 44 132
F Disease that cripples people -----	60 101 119 38 12
G To beat, or flog -----	30 43 23 54 14 69
H A journey or trip, usually by sea-	21 78 5 41 85 20
I A little bit, or bite, as of food ---	123 82 19 39 3 55
J It is used for handling hot dishes -	15 130 77 36 58 4
K Word used to frighten away chickens -----	103 75 114 111
L Number of days of rain during the flood -----	110 86 33 97 49
M The Bible tells us that love of this is the root of all evil -----	106 98 128 22 113
N Hidden place from which troops surprise and attack the enemy ---	34 28 65 13 117 25
O Made a dull, murmuring sound ---	80 45 104 35 76 100
P Sooner than -----	66 8 40 89 116 59

Q Barely, or scarcely -----	37 72 79 48 17 81
R Companion for a fork -----	57 47 71 10 109
S Food fish -----	42 84 124 94 126
T A worn path through the wilder- ness -----	92 112 46 99 102
U A wise thing to do with our les- sons -----	18 118 64 105 96
V Decayed -----	95 91 68 93 127 87
W A book of maps -----	107 74 125 67 52
X Measured quantities of medicine -	88 9 63 121 70

(Solution on page 28)

	1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8		9	
10		11	12	13		14	15	16	17	18	19	
20	21	22	23	24		25	26	27		28	29	30
31	32	33		34	35	36		37	38	39		40
41	42	43	44	45		46	47	48		49	50	51
	52	53	54	55	56		57	58	59	60		61
62		63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70		71	
72	73		74	75	76		77	78	79	80		81
82	83	84		85	86	87		88	89		90	91
92		93	94	95	96		97	98		99	100	101
102	103		104	105		106	107	108	109		110	111
112		113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	
123	124	125	126	127	128		129	130	131	132		

make Something

out of

Nothing

(Continued from page 13)

They're fine, too, for organizing children's books and small toys. A whole row of them can sit on a table or shelf, and the child can select what he wants and put it back when he is finished.

They are grand for recipes and clippings that must wait until you have time to paste them in your book.

For that occasional guest who must use the family bathroom foil linings make the box sanitary, and it will hold drinking glass, tooth brush, soap—whatever he will need to carry back and forth. Or it can be placed in the bathroom for his special use.

Gaily decorated and lined with wax paper or foil, the boxes are cute for parties. Fill them with potato chips, candy, cookies. . .

The boxes are amazingly strong and durable. When the bottom has been taped, two pieces of paper may be drawn across and securely fastened at the upper edges before covering. Then they are ready for a lot of use.

Maybe you don't drink beverages at all. Well, then take a look at today's throw-away milk cartons.

I had never really thought about them until I visited the studio of artist Fell Sharp of New Rochelle, New York. He cuts the tops off, slanting the cut sharply down one side to make it lower. Then he puts his brushes, pencils, and pens in the boxes.

But that is not all he uses them for. "They're wonderful ice box dishes," Fell declares. "After all, they certainly are clean. So when one is empty, rinse it and put it back in the ice box. When you have some leftovers you want to save, put them in the container. Don't bother to wash it afterwards. Just throw it away. There are always plenty more coming in."

Although our family consists of only my husband and myself and Cookie, the dog, we use quarts and

quarts of milk. I tried Fell's idea and found the milk cartons particularly good for celery and carrots. I put the dog's food in the bottom of a cut-down milk container to see if she wants it. If not, I just throw away the whole thing. This way I can offer her variety without having a dozen dog dishes. She gets her milk from one, too.

Mary Gale Hafford, concert violinist, also from New Rochelle, New York, uses milk containers to make big square candles that are the envy of her friends. She likes candles and burns them often when entertaining. She saves the stubs, and when a large number has accumulated, she buys a long wick at a hobby store and attaches it to the top and to the bottom of a milk container. She lets each batch harden before pouring the next. She doesn't worry about color—just lets it fall as it may. Her candles look like a rainbow.

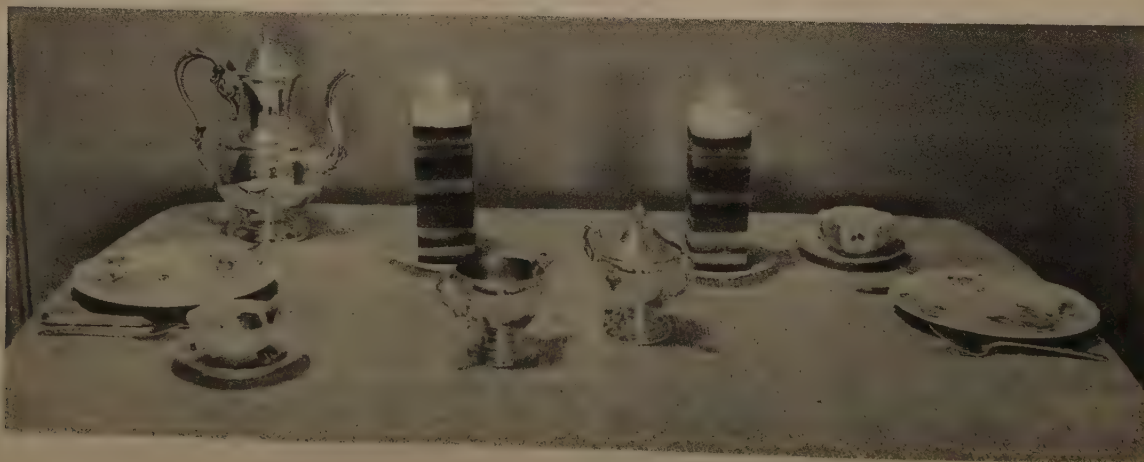
Dixie cups make cute little candles that can be burned as night lights, too, Mary Gale says.

Another friend of mine makes wastebaskets out of ice cream cartons. She asks local fountains and restaurants for the commercial size containers when they have emptied them. These are ideal in size. She washes the containers and paints and covers them as her imagination dictates. She can't keep them around, for people buy them as fast as she can make them. Since she is a shut-in, this is helpful in keeping her busy and also in providing her with spending money.

One woman I know who has lots of room, lots of children, but not much money, uses orange crates to good advantage. She picks up the wooden ones that the California oranges are shipped in, and sands them to be used as bookcases and desks in the children's rooms. She arranges them in many different ways for a modernistic effect for holding books and gadgets and toys. Plywood painted and laid across two crates makes a handy desk. Two more, set at the ends, provide space for books. One laid sideways and attached to the wall above gives still more space.

Her son takes crates and cuts them down to make smaller bookshelves. Then he sands and paints them attractively. He sells them for whatnot shelves in the neighborhood and gets several times as much as the sandpaper and paint cost him.

Money is nice, of course, but isn't ingenuity wonderful?



Saplings Will Bend

(Continued from page 15)



sibly make it this afternoon . . . touch of the flu . . . feel dreadful. Yes, I wanted to come, but I wouldn't want to expose . . . sorry."

Mrs. King pulled down the corners of her mouth at the dwindling voice in the receiver. She looked across at Jeanie and imitated Mary with her mouth. Jeanie responded with dimpled laughter. There was a moment of silence hanging suspended between them after the receiver clicked down. A silence heavy with meaning. Etta avoided looking directly at her daughter.

Jeanie came and twisted her mother's short hair. "You aren't really sick, are you, Mummy?"

Etta lifted the soft curls from her daughter's neck and kissed her there. "No, darling. But I had to tell her something. I couldn't tell her I wanted to stay home with you."

Jeanie looked soberly at her, wisely. Etta hastened to change the subject. "Let's take a good bubble bath, Jeanie. Then you can help me make cookies."

LATER, when Jeanie called to say she wanted to dress, Etta took the towel and the pile of fresh clothes Martha had ready and opened the door to the moist warmth of the bathroom. Jeanie's small body gleamed as she climbed from the tub. Etta wrapped her in a towel, taking another one and rubbing playfully through the wet curls. Jeanie held her neck stiff, her small head reaching almost to Etta's waist. Her mother's hand moved slower and slower. She parted the wet tangles from over the little moon face.

With sudden realization she noticed how the baby softness of Jeanie's face had taken on new firmness, more permanent contours.

Miss Bates had written in the letter, "A sapling will bend even with a small breeze. And if the breeze blows steadily, the tree will grow old and hard in that position." Etta looked down at the face with its sprinkling of stardust freckles. Jeanie pressed her soft lips together in her effort to stand still against the rubdown.

A stab of pain, a sense of something lost beyond recovery, went through Etta. What had become of the baby she had known? Where had all the precious moments gone that should have been a mother's due? Somehow she'd let her most precious legacy slip through her fingers. Even this little thing of helping Jeanie out of her bath had been, was still being, an experience.

Coming again to her, but now insistently, was the question, "How well do I know my own daughter?" Etta smothered a sob while her fingers pressed hard into the little girl's flesh.

Jeanie winced, twisting about to see if her mother meant it. Etta busied herself with Jeanie's dress, avoiding her eyes for fear of betraying her own unexpected emotion. She kissed Jeanie again, under the fragrant curls, on the small nose. A gurgle of delight escaped from Jeanie.

"Can I dress up in your old party dress and your shoes, Mummy?"

"Oh, I don't care," said Etta, her mind again slipping away to the letter. It was like a bad dream, one that kept coming back to her.

LATER, Jeanie appeared in the doorway decked in a trailing dress, her mouth scarlet and widely painted. From the top of her mind Etta couldn't help thinking how much Jeanie copied her, even the way she carried her head a little to one side. But in the deeper part of her thoughts she saw Miss Bates writing in stern, black letters, leaving no room for retreat, "Your daughter. . ."

Her mental battle with the schoolteacher did not cease at the first small rattle in the other room. Etta was too busy seeing herself in justified action. She'd see Miss Bates tomorrow, without delay.

It was then that the rattle in-

creased to a barrage of falling things. Little hard objects against the bedroom floor. Etta flew across the living room and threw open the door to her room. She caught a glimpse of her six-year-old daughter standing against the wall with her fist pressed wetly against her mouth and her eyes round and shocked. It was exactly as Etta feared, her pearls!

She'd known it the minute they fell, knew they were rippling over the floor in four directions. Her favorite necklace. The only one impressive enough to wear to the governor's ball next week. Etta snatched it, and as she turned she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

"Jeanie, tell me the truth!" She shook Jeanie by the shoulder, holding the brush in her free hand. "Tell Mother how you broke her pearls."

Jeanie shook her head, gulped, opened her mouth. She jammed her fist into it. Her mother looked helplessly from the scattered pearls across the floor to her daughter. Slowly, her fingers relaxed on the hairbrush. With effort she brought her voice into softer, more reasonable tones.

"Jeanie, have you any idea how the pearls were broken?"

"Honest, Mummy, I think Billy did it."

Heaven help me! Etta closed her eyes and drew in her breath. She wished to goodness it were possible to blame this on Billy. She smiled, resolutely. "Jeanie, the pearls were here when I combed my hair. They were here in this box, and Billy could not have broken them because he has not been here." She was careful to clip each word, enunciate clearly.

"Maybe a fairy came though the window." Jeanie's voice was small, dreamlike, but dangerously on the verge of branching into some lengthy variation.

"That . . . will . . . do, Jeanie!"

Shrinking against the wall, Jeanie looked up at her mother through wet lashes, a curiously sly, old look on her baby face as though she were saying to herself . . . she couldn't really have been thinking

(Continued on page 28)

● Saplings Will Bend

(Continued from page 27)

it . . . she was so young: "This isn't the first time we've made up stories, Mother, remember?" as though there had been some secret understanding Etta had with Jeanie that made her daughter think it would be all right.

The phone rang. Mrs. Etta King stumbled across the living room. "Yes?" she answered, high, using her brittle tones. "This is Etta King. No, Mary. I told you I have the flu. I feel terribly sorry, too . . . it's one of those things . . . sorry!" She clicked the receiver back into its cradle.

Jeanie stood in the doorway looking at her mother, smiling slyly, her head slightly to one side, and quite obviously saying with her eyes, "You see, Mother, that's what I mean!"

Mrs. King lay back on the sectional divan and stared at the wall. Her lips moved, and the whispered words shouted back to her, ". . . a sapling will bend with a small breeze. And if the breeze blows steadily. . ."

She picked up the receiver and her finger whirled. She dialed carefully. "Miss Bates?" she said. "When may I come in to talk to you about . . . about Jeanie's problem?" She added, humbly, "About us."

● Sunday Evening with Grandmother

(Continued from page 3)

"NOW is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

"ONLY with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

"PRAY without ceasing.

"QUENCH not the spirit.

"REMEMBER the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

"SEEK ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.

"THEREFORE being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"UNTO you is born this day in the city of David a Savior who is Christ the Lord.

"VERILY, verily I say unto you, ye must be born again.

"WHOSOEVER cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.

"X—none remembered.

"YE are the light of the world; a city set on a hill cannot be hid.

"ZION shall be redeemed with judgment and her converts with righteousness."

Whether we, as children, understood the meaning of all the passages that we

learned, I have some honest doubts, but I am sure that we did learn a deep reverence for the Bible and that the passages we learned in our childhood have stayed with us throughout our lives.

Grandmother taught us not only passages from the Bible but many of her favorite poems and hymns. These, too, she had learned in her girlhood, while she watched the sheep. One of these began, "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve, and press with vigor on." That seems almost to describe Grandmother, who certainly seemed always to be pressing vigorously on.

Modern psychology might frown upon teaching children words they cannot understand, but surely such remembered teachings have been of real value in later life.

This is a tribute to Grandmother, but I would add a word of tribute also to my Christian parents who fully supported Grandmother's teachings and added many of their own.

Might we not make it our prayer: "Lord, send us more Christian parents and grandparents who will take the time to reach the children from the Book of all books and give them a new appreciation of our Christian heritage."

● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

problems? We can not adjust the world to fit our children. I doubt that we would if we could. How, then, do we adjust the children to fit the world—or do we?

2. What is the most urgent need of our children today? We hear a lot of talk about the whole personality, the integrated self, the integrated life and world. It seems to me that there is no such thing without religion. Religion would seem to be the most urgent need of our children. Is it?
3. Ask for a definition of religion. Suggest that our attitude toward God is the center of our religion. Suggest, also, that perhaps an active concern for human need is central to religion. Are these ideas of religion complete enough to pass on to our children. Should they be changed in any way?
4. Do you feel that you have a ruling philosophy of life? What is it? Do you feel that you have clear values? Definite standards? Are we as adults concerned with the principle of the matter or of doing the expedient thing?
5. What is it we want most for our children? Success? Money? Position? How do we get it? Is God's will and way central in our future plans?

The discussion may be closed by reading the last paragraph of the study article. If the group leader so desires,

the short devotional previously suggested may follow.

Resources for the Meeting

Books¹ offer wonderful help on a subject such as this. They state familiar questions and problems and then answer them in a variety of ways. Such books will guide the thinking of the group and lend a framework for the discussion. Books will back up or disprove controversial statements of members of the parents' study group.

The Child's Approach to Religion—H. W. Fox

Security for Young Children—Elizabeth Campbell

These Are Your Children (expanded edition), Jenkins, Shoeter, and Bauer

How Shall I Learn to Teach Religion?—Blanche Carrier

Children and Religion—Dora Chaplin

Opening the Door for God—Herman Sweet

These books are excellent aids for parents struggling to answer, lead, and guide children.

Adults who wish to strengthen their spiritual life and find the answers to pertinent problems of living should consider some of these books:

When the Lamp Flickers, In Quest of a Kingdom, The Transforming Friendship, That Immortal Sea, by Leslie Weatherhead.

Something to Stand On, by Lewis Dunnington answers questions very much like those dealt with in Weatherhead's books but in a different manner. These books are disturbing in some of their conclusions, consoling in others; but they are always inspiring.

¹All books listed may be ordered from the publishing house which produces *Hearthstone*.

(Continued on page 30)

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram on page 25)

"Every one of you shall revere his mother and his father, and you shall keep my sabbaths. I am the LORD your God. Do not turn to idols or make for yourselves molten gods. . . ." (Leviticus 19:3-4)

The Words

A Gloom	I Morsel	Q Hardly
B Husky	J Holder	R Knife
C Heaven	K Shoo	S Trout
D Unused	L Forty	T Trail
E Movies	M Money	U Learn
F Polio	N Ambush	V Rotted
G Thrash	O Droned	W Atlas
H Voyage	P Before	X Doses



Family Counselor

MY PROBLEM is a nine-year-old boy who cries. He cries when his feelings are hurt, he cries when he doesn't get his way, he cries when he's hurt, he cries when he's afraid. Those are all perfectly legitimate things for anyone to cry about, but he always thinks he is much worse than what he really is. To give you a few examples, he cries if his sister chides him. Many times she doesn't have to say a word, all she has to do is grin at the proper time. He cries if I shout angrily at him. He cries if one of his buddies gets the best of him in an argument; which makes them tease him more, and makes him cry more. He cries if he thinks the doctor will have to give him a shot. He cries if he thinks he will be punished for something he has done that he knows will meet with my disapproval, but he never tries to hide it with me, of which I am proud.

He is a good boy, never sassy or sarcastic. He is very affectionate, and he and I have always been very close. He and his sister, who is older, fuss and argue like other brothers and sisters, but there are times when they are both kind and considerate to each other. I suppose I have made her give in to him many times, because he was the younger. She very seldom ever resorts to tears, even when she is in pain. His father and I never fuss, we have a nice home and we are very happy. Our boy has most anything that a little boy could want. I try to keep from humoring him when he cries, but I know he doesn't cry because of bad temper or because he thinks he can obtain his way by crying. He cries because he can't keep the tears back. What can I do for an extremely tenderhearted boy?

YOU may be sure that your son is embarrassed because he cries so easily and is as eager to overcome the habit as you are that he should do so. Evidently he is just what you suggest, an unusually tenderhearted boy to whom tears come readily. It would seem, therefore, that the first thing you, your son, and the other members of the family need to do is to accept the fact that it will be exceedingly difficult for him to overcome his tendency to cry easily. If you accept this fact, you will not be particularly

concerned when he does cry. If, as a rule, you ignore the crying, and do not humor him, the problem of crying will not loom so large in your thinking or in his. You see, he probably realizes that you are greatly disturbed because of his crying and, tenderhearted as he is, that fact disturbs him and he cries because of it! And I am sure you and members of your family will guard against ridiculing him or scolding him when he cries, although in the case of less sensitive youngsters, this sometimes helps.

The suggestion just made can be criticized on the ground that it gives your son the feeling that you expect him to cry. Some may feel that it would be wiser just to assume that he will not cry—in other words, to expect the behavior that is desired. There is real merit in this suggestion and, although I doubt whether it is the approach to use in this situation, you might try it if in the light of your son's personality it seems to have more possibility of success than the other approach.

Another comment is in order. You mention that your son cries when his buddies get the best of him in an argument and that their teasing makes him cry more. This is a difficult experience for your son, but probably a rather wholesome one. He needs to have plenty of opportunities to play with boys of his own age in rough and tumble games in which he may get some physical bumps and bruises—football, for example. He may cry when he gets hurt, but if you encourage him to continue playing with his friends even though he is teased, their example, and even teasing, may be of real help to him. To be sure, you will need to be understanding and sympathetic when he returns from these play sessions and you may want to suggest ways by which he may avoid his tears. But if you are patient, if he has an opportunity to live a normal life with his peers, and if too much attention is not given to his crying, gradually he will develop better control of his tears.

Donald M. Maynard

● Study Guide

(Continued from page 28)

Of all the books on the subject of interpreting God to children, *A Book About God*, by Florence Mary Fitch, is one of the finest.

Two books by Vivyen Bremner, *Thank You God* and *Growing Up* are small devotional books loved by children and praised by adults.

The Petersham books, especially the *Christ Child*, are classics in this field. Members of the study group could contribute two books from their personal libraries which would fit into one of these three categories. A local book store could furnish most of these books listed, for display purposes.

● Is Your Home

Creating Delinquents?

(Continued from page 11)

sight into her real problem, however, and they lacked knowledge as to the best way to proceed. They themselves were immature.

The well-intentioned husband tried to correct May's table manners, but he was severe and exacting. The wife referred to the girl's boy friend in a slighting way. There were no consultations. No effort was made to explain things to May. They did not show the affection that they honestly felt for the girl. She came to feel that she was kept in the home only for the work she did. One day she left without announcement.

The story of Sally goes somewhat differently. She was the product of a

broken home. Her mother was sexually promiscuous. The father had tried to attack the girl. As a result she held her mother in contempt and loathed her father. No wonder her emotions were chaotic. For the first time in her life she experienced Christian love when the court placed her in a foster home related to a church. She proved to be a constant irritant. She was jealous, headstrong, and secretive and often took small items of clothing that belonged to her foster sister.

In despair the foster mother came to the pastor for guidance. "You must remember," he said, "that Sally is first of all a problem to herself. She doesn't understand why she does these things. She doesn't understand herself. You must do the understanding for her. She is deeply disturbed, plagued by inferiority feelings, and made miserable by insecurity. This is about the worst sickness that can come to a person. She takes things, not because she is a thief, but because she must prove to herself that she is important in your life. She is jealous because she fears she does not measure up to others."

Later, and on several occasions, the pastor counseled with the foster father and with Sally herself. He tried to help Sally understand herself. A few years later, a well-developed, confident young woman, she said to him, "I'll never forget those talks I had with you. They helped me a lot. You helped me to understand and believe in myself."

Of course, religion is not a cure-all, particularly if it is merely a formal, perfunctory, static type. The church can, however, be of inestimable help in the construction and reconstruction of

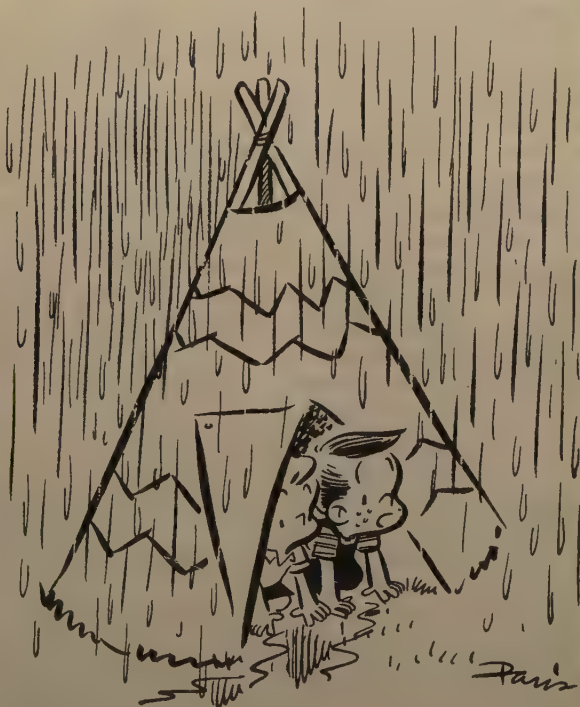
personality. The church should face its responsibilities at this point. A police officer, working with juveniles, made this emphatic assertion: "Every church ought to put on a campaign to get people to go to church who at present don't. I've spoken to many church groups and have always felt that I was wasting my time. The people I needed to reach weren't there. Get the young people to church, and provide a program that practically meets their peculiar needs."

Of course, this is an over-simplification. Young people have been known to go bad in spite of good families and helpful church influences. On the whole, however, the police officer is right. Young people need the church and the religious concepts the church and Christian homes can provide. To be beneficial, religion must be simple, practical, and real. It must offer social outlets that are wholesome in every way. To do young people lasting good, religion must be consistent, more practiced in daily deeds than talked about. The personalities of Christian parents, teachers, and leaders must be healthy and wholesome, capable of helping young people see how God lives in and works through persons.

A detective who comes into frequent contact with juveniles said: "Delinquents are usually members of a loosely knit gang, dominated by an older, experienced person. They are often introduced to crime by relatives or friends. Their parents are usually busy. Ordinarily, the boys say that they like their parents and their homes. The homes are usually average or slightly under and often are not located in bad neighborhoods. The offenders are usually of good mentality. Car thieves are above average. Certain sex offenders are mentally retarded. Often these boys are not what you'd call bad boys. They don't have to steal to have money. The home income is adequate. Both parents work. What we notice most is lack of incentive. They lack a sense of moral values."

Obviously, if this is true, the great service that the Christian home and the church can render is to activate consciousness at the moral level by orienting the mind of the young person into the concept of God, the value in life, and cultivating in the young person a concern for others. The great service parents can render their children is to give them adequate affection mingled with understanding and discipline. These are valuable ingredients, and one is incomplete without the others. Give your child honest attention, even in matters that appear to you to be insignificant. Respect the integrity of his personality, but be watchful of his habits and companionships. Be consistent in your own attitudes and disciplines. Create in the home the spirit of tranquility. Strong personality is nurtured by a calm, dependable, loving home atmosphere. This does not mean the suppression of differences, but calm, adult procedure in working them out.

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"What do you suppose the Indians did about that hole at the top?"

BOOKS

for the Hearthside

For Youth

A seventeen-year-old boy, a golden horse, and the salvation of the home ranch are the ingredients making up **The Whistling Stallion**, by Stephen Holt. (Longmans, Green, Inc. 211 pages. Price, \$2.50.) It is a story that will set the blood racing in the veins of any reader who likes the great out-of-doors. Set in a background of the Canadian Rockies, the struggle of Roy Bell to take his injured father's place in keeping the ranch from going broke will keep the reader engrossed. This is a good book for both young people and adults.

For Children

A new devotional book for children, **God Plans for Happy Families**, has been written by Elizabeth B. Jones (The Warner Press, 1955, unpagged, \$1.50). The familiar, everyday happenings of family life are used as the bases for the devotional thoughts. Each one is brief, and is illustrated with a lovely, large photograph. It is regrettable that the quoted scriptures are not from the Revised

Standard Version, which is more easily understood by children.

Peter Nielsen's Story, by Niels Thorpe. (University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. 199 pages. Price, \$2.75.)

Watching a boy grow up is always an absorbing occupation. Reading about it is also highly interesting, and this account of the boyhood of a Danish peasant boy supplies a large measure of adventure and fun. It also shows the difficulties, hardships, trials, and struggles which peasant families face. Like all peasant boys Peter is placed out to work at an early age on a farm. The story of his development in the art of getting along with people and animals is well told. High lights are his friendship and power to control Mass, the irritable bull, and the chapter on the storks of Denmark and their habits. But Peter does not remain a peasant farm boy. His ambition is to be educated to become a writer and to go to America. He attains his ambition. Peter Nielsen is, in reality, Niels Thorpe, the author, who relates his own boyhood life. He is now head swimming coach at the University of Minnesota.

Among other things this book will contribute to that larger understanding of peoples in other lands, which is so necessary in our

day. Read this book to the entire family.

A charming book about life on the farm in 1908 is **The Jennifer Gift**, by Eunice Young Smith (Bobbs-Merrill Co., 256 pages, \$2.50). The things the children did at school, the things they did after school, the pets they had, and the friends they made hold the reader's interest. But the way Jennifer and her family celebrate Christmas becomes the climax of the story. This story is complete and satisfying in itself, although the setting and the lovable family of Jennifer were first introduced in *The Jennifer Wish*.

BIBLE BOOK OF THE MONTH



The Bible book for the month of May is Amos. Amos was the first of the prophets whose writings have come to us. He spoke at a critical time in the life of Israel.

- (1) Who was Amos?
- (2) What conditions—social, economic, and religious—in Israel are revealed in this book?
- (3) What was the message of Amos?

Over the back fence



● More Babies and Fewer Marriages

We have been hearing and reading much since 1946 of the big boom in the baby crop. The importance of this phenomenon has not and cannot be exaggerated.

Somewhat less notice, however, seems to have been given to another social fact which also has important implications. We are now in the midst of a period of fewer marriages which began a few years ago and will continue for several more years.

The chief cause for this decrease is, of course, the low birth-rates during the depression and war years. Babies born during those years are now at the marriageable age, and thus the number of first marriages will remain at a low level for some time.

First marriages account for three-fourths to four-fifths of all marriages registered in the past few years, according to the National Office of Vital Statistics. The average ages for these marriages are twenty for brides and twenty-three for grooms.

Of the remarriages registered about one-fourth were held for persons who had been widowed and three-fourths for divorced persons. The average ages for these were thirty-five for the brides and forty for the grooms.

The implications of these facts are of real importance and should be carefully studied by those responsible for Christian family life in the churches.

● National Family Week

The traditional observance of Mother's Day on the second Sunday in May has become increasingly expanded into an observance of National Christian Family Week. The April issue of *Hearthstone*

carried a study article which gave much information regarding the use of this week in the life of the home.

Here it is our purpose to call attention to the importance of this increasing recognition of the family as a primary factor in the Christian education of growing girls and boys.

The home has a part to play in helping children achieve an understanding and knowledge of the facts of our faith. While formal classes in the church school probably assume this as their function, what the home does to reinforce the work of the church can mean the difference between failure and success. The reading and use of the Bible and Christian literature in the home situation deepens the impressions gained in the more formal setting of the school.

The more important function of the home, however, is in the formation of attitudes which are fundamentally Christian. In subtle ways, too numerous to list here, the home shapes and determines the lives and characters of its members more directly than can the church or church school. It is at this point that the family must study to show itself to God as approved, a workman that does not need to be ashamed.

It is also at this point that the church must give more help to its families. What is your church doing about this important problem?

● Have You Been to Family Camp?

Each summer sees an increasing interest in family camps. In brief, a family camp is one in which the entire family joins with other family groups in a camping situation founded on a program of Christian education and activity. Meeting for periods of three days to a full week each family has a rich experience of playing, studying, working, and praying together.

Next month's *Hearthstone* will list some of the Family Camps being held this summer.

Are You

a

Bookworm?

by Theron G. Cady

In 1875 Mark Twain's book *Tom Sawyer* was the best seller for that year. Since then some sixty best sellers have been written, all claiming a sale of over 100,000 copies each. How well can you remember them?

In this short test, designed to determine how much of a bookworm you are, you will find the titles of ten best sellers. Under each title are the names of three authors, one of which is the author of the book. Your job is to select the right author for the book. It may sound easy, but don't be too sure. One high school student out of twenty-five obtained a perfect score.

To get your rating, do this: Simply allow yourself ten points for each correct answer. If your score is 10 or better, you are a confirmed bookworm; if it is between 60 and 80, you are still doing well; if it's between 40 and 60, average; and below 40—well, we're sorry.

1. The Sea Wolf

(a) Zane Grey, (b) Jack London, (c) Harold Ell Wright

2. Treasure Island

(a) Mark Twain, (b) Jack London, (c) Robert Louis Stevenson

3. Tarzan of the Apes

(a) Booth Tarkington, (b) Edgar Rice Burroughs, (c) Zane Grey

4. The Virginian

(a) E. M. Hull, (b) Hervey Allen, (c) Owen Wister

5. Black Beauty

(a) Henry Van Dyke, (b) Ann Sewell, (c) Florence Barclay

6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch

(a) Kate Douglas Wiggin, (b) Myrtle Reed, (c) Alice Hegan Rice

7. Pollyanna

(a) Gene Stratton Porter, (b) Florence Barclay, (c) Zane Grey

8. The Covered Wagon

(a) Hervey Allen, (b) Owen Wister, (c) Emerson Hough

9. The Circular Staircase

(a) Ann Sewell, (b) Mary Roberts Reinhart, (c) Margaret Mitchell

10. David Harum

(a) Mary Johnston, (b) Mary Andrews, (c) Edward Noyes Westcott

(Correct Answers)-----

10. (c) Edward Noyes Westcott
9. (b) Mary Roberts Reinhart
8. (c) Emerson Hough
7. (a) Gene Stratton Porter
6. (c) Alice Hegan Rice
5. (b) Ann Sewell
4. (c) Owen Wister
3. (b) Edgar Rice Burroughs
2. (c) Robert Louis Stevenson
1. (b) Jack London

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